

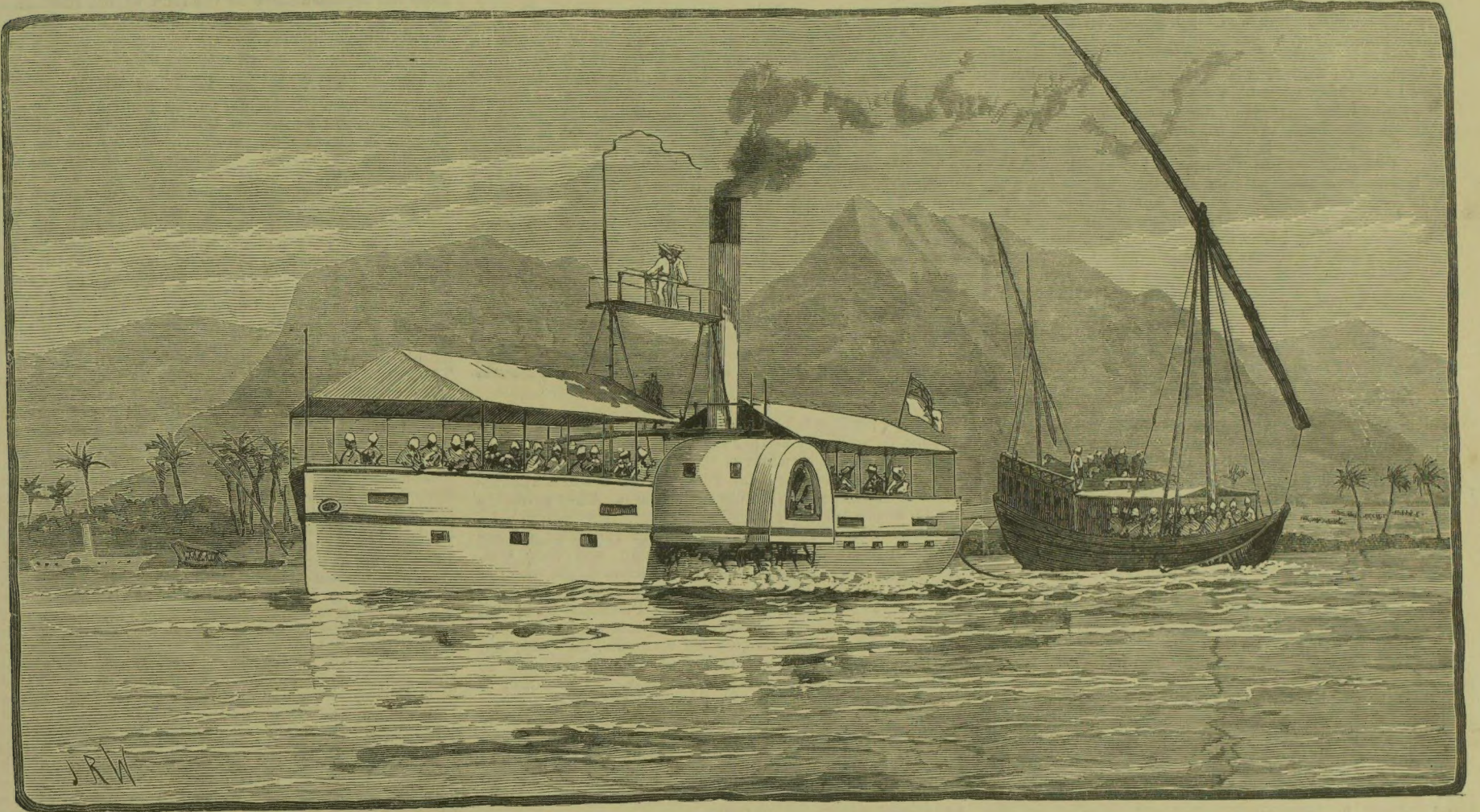
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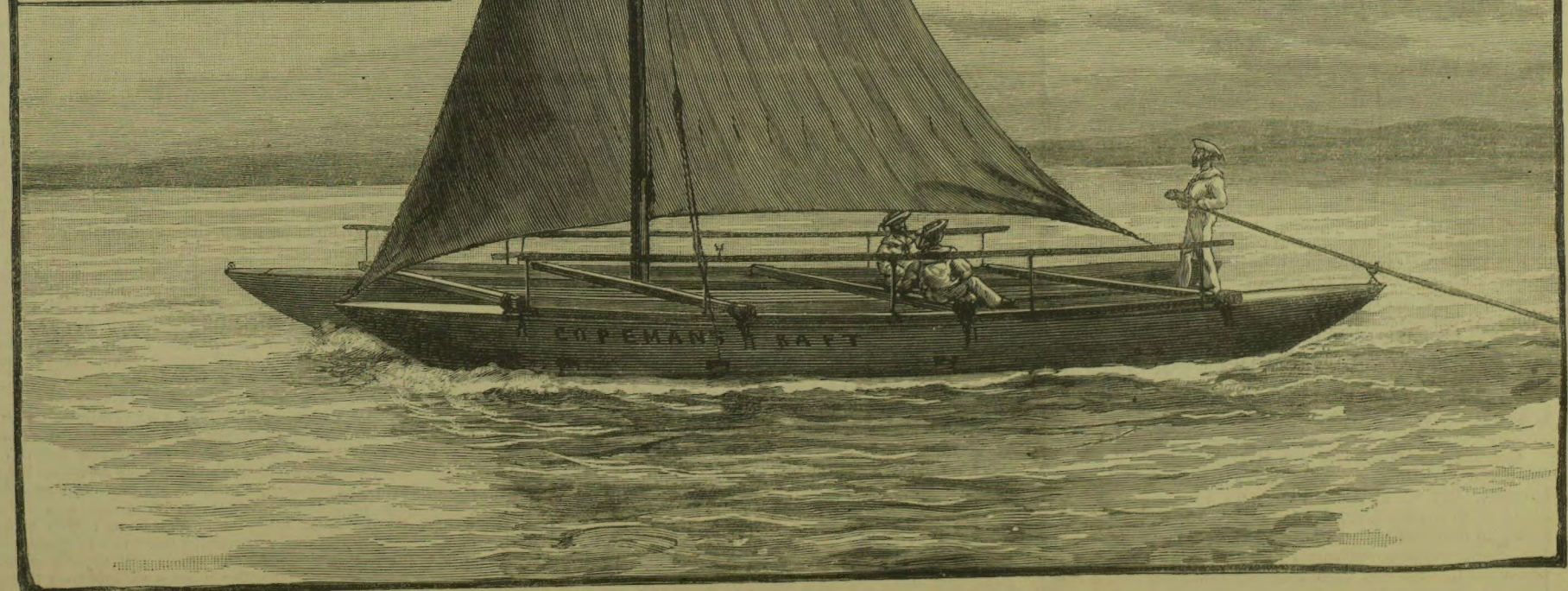
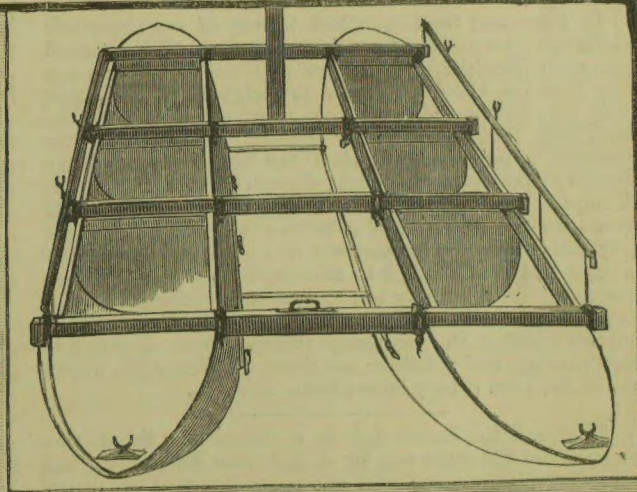
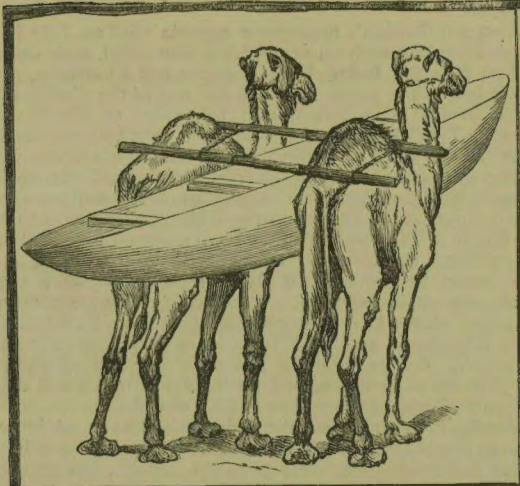
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ADVANCED GUARD OF BRITISH TROOPS ON THE WAY TO WADY HALFA.

Method of carrying overland.

Compartments of the raft.



COPEMAN'S CANOE RAFT, FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK

There is something very funny in the quantity of invective written and printed concerning the action taken by Nubar Pasha in the matter of the Egyptian Sinking Fund. It is said to be all Lord Northbrook's doing, as most likely it is; and a general howl is raised against England and her High Commissioner. Yet all newspapers, no matter what their political colour may be, seem to agree that some step, such as has been taken, was absolutely necessary; and that the step taken was all but unavoidable. And yet all the Powers are to "protest" or have already "protested." Their protest ought to read thus: "The conduct of England in this matter is tolerable and not to be endured; that villain of a Lord Northbrook advised the very measure that was all but inevitable under the circumstances."

Is there on record, it is asked, any case of an innings played at cricket without a single run? Yes; between boys under thirteen years of age, however. It was played at Devonshire Park, Aug. 16, 1883; and what makes the matter more curious is that there were twelve players a side, that only one run was required to avoid a defeat in one innings, and that in the second innings when every boy made a "duck's egg," there was not a single "extra." The match, though only between little schoolboys, was so remarkable that it found a place in the public prints. Very remarkable, too, was the match played at Woking as long ago as Aug. 28, 1818, between grown men, when eleven gentlemen of Woking went in and made 71 runs against the best bowling that could be got among eleven gentlemen of Shire, who themselves went in and made 71; Woking went in again and again made 71, and then Shire went in again and again made 71. A truly wonderful instance of a "drawn" game.

Perhaps one of the most singular wedding-dresses ever heard of was that of a bride in the midland counties, who went to the altar a few days ago in white flannel instead of the regulation satin and orange-blossom. She was the daughter of a rich man, and the bridegroom was at least equally wealthy, so it was purely a matter of taste.

A noble Lord, not unknown to Committees in the Upper House, has devised new but not inapt designations for certain daily articles of food. Instead of "fish" and "fowl," he says a "swimmer" and a "flyer." People appear to understand his meaning, and he gets a tolerable change of diet without venturing outside the circle of "fins and feathers."

"The Hub" has been visited by an epidemic of violin playing, and elderly Bostonians who have escaped the contagion pronounce it an unmitigated nuisance. Almost every other girl in the streets is the bearer of a violin-case, and the twanging of the too often discordant and suffering strings makes day and night both equally horrible. The makers of these instruments are thankful for the increased briskness of trade, and though their ears may be tortured, remark that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

Is there any fund attached to any of our hospitals which provides for the travelling expenses of discharged patients? Doctors and matrons and nursing sisters are very kind and thoughtful, and probably inquire whether those who have been under their care have money to take them long distances to their homes. But perhaps the question is rarely asked when the patient leaves one suburb of London for another, though the walk, say from Brompton or Victoria Park Hospital to Brixton Hill would try the strength of a person in good health, and may cause absolute breakdown and relapse in one who is only just well enough to take half an hour's outdoor exercise. Travelling by rail and tram is so cheap in these days that it may not occur to anyone in authority to inquire whether the necessary threepence or sixpence is forthcoming, and yet there are those who leave the wards penniless, even if they have a home to go to.

That a little knowledge is a dangerous thing was experienced the other day by a girl who had picked up several familiar names, and was speedily out of her depth among sundry intellectual shallows. A stranger asked if she had ever read "Jane Eyre," and she forthwith declared herself well acquainted with all the works of that charming writer. She also pronounced sentence on Daniel Deronda, saying that his books were too analytical; and finally observed that while fully appreciating every novel ever written by Adam Bede, she thought they all dealt too exclusively with the surface of life.

Boating men frequently pride themselves on making the riskiest voyages in the smallest and frailest of craft, and one of the most remarkable feats of this kind on record was accomplished at the beginning of the present month by Mr. R. B. Burchard, of the New York Canoe Club. In a canoe only fourteen feet long and twenty-eight inches beam, called the Siren, he went down all the rapids of the River St. Lawrence, reaching Montreal on the 6th. It might have been imagined that so small a canoe would only have carried its navigator, but he contrived to stow away a tent, an indiarubber mattress, blankets, change of clothes, cooking stove, fuel and provisions for a fortnight.

General Von Moltke is a well-known lover of flowers. On his departure from Ragatz he took with him a large bouquet, but he reckoned without the custom-house. Arriving at the frontier, the Austrian customs officers were going to take possession of the flowers in compliance with the precautionary measures now taken against the phylloxera. Rather than lose his bouquet, the worthy General changed his route, and returned home by the valley of the Rhine.

Temperance is an excellent thing to practise, and a "bunch of blue ribbon" is a very pretty adornment, whether "to tie up my bonny brown hair" or to be worn on my bonny brown coat. But when it comes to preaching total abstinence and to condemning the moderate or even liberal, though not too liberal, use of intoxicant though not necessarily intoxicating liquors, it is time to call upon the preachers to give chapter and verse for what they say. Of course drunkenness is uncompromisingly denounced by St. Paul and other Christian teachers of the highest authority; but they certainly used to take a little wine for their "stomach's sake." And here, with chapter and verse (the last chapter of Proverbs, the sixth and seventh verses) is a very remarkable utterance, an injunction laid upon King Lemuel, of which very few persons seem to have any knowledge. "Give strong drink," it runs, "unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

Oddly, enough this is exactly the class of persons on whom Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his like would impose total abstinence. Perhaps, too, Sir Wilfrid and Company would not attach much importance to what is, after all, the opinion only of King Lemuel's mother. That opinion, however, has been allowed for ages to stand in juxtaposition with the sayings of The Preacher, the Wise King; and that opinion clearly is that, whilst Kings, Princes, and "the upper ten" should abstain from drinking champagne or Prince Bismarck's favourite mixture (it is said) of champagne and stout, the poor man, whom Sir Wilfrid and Co. would rob of his very beer, should be permitted occasionally to get a little "forrard," though not, of course, so "forrard" as some poor men seem to think themselves justified in getting, even when they have not the five shillings to pay for the consequences. Drink is a terrible curse without a doubt; still it was not "drinks," but "opes" (whence "opium," says an ignorant etymologist) that the classical authority called "irritamenta malorum."

Many persons take a sort of general interest in horse-racing, though they neither bet nor attend the races. They mark, for instance, when a "youngster" fetches a long price at a famous sale, and look out for the first appearance of the expensive purchase in public. They probably made a mental note of Louisbourg, for whom Mr. Brodric-Cloete gave as much as four thousand guineas or more at Lord Falmouth's auction; and they will, perhaps, be sorry to learn that there is some doubt whether the colt will face any of his engagements as a two-year-old, such as the coming Middle Park Plate and Dewhurst Plate. Not that there is anything the matter, fortunately, with the colt; but he is very big and raw, they say, and can hardly be got ready this year. There are now so many valuable races for two-year-olds, and a winter is such a perilous time to pass through, that it is a great pecuniary risk to keep a promising colt untried in public till he is three years old. That course, however, was adopted with the celebrated Blair Athol; and quite lately with the French horse Little Duck, winner of the French Derby and of the Grand Prix de Paris. And Little Duck has broken down. *Absit omen.*

Louisbourg, by-the-way, was sold "under Lord Exeter's conditions"; and, as the meaning of the expression is not generally understood of the people, it may be worth while to explain. The purchaser is not liable for the engagements of the animal sold; but, if he pleases, may run the animal for any one or more of the engagements on paying half the stake; and should he win, or receive a sum of money for running second or third, he must pay a third of the money won or received to the vendor. The vendor, on the other hand, if he wish to "save a minor forfeit or discount" (as it is a little obscurely expressed), may scratch the animal at his option, unless notice be given by the purchaser (who then becomes liable for half the stake or forfeit) that he wishes to run for a particular race.

France now and then plumes herself with delight over some evidence of *entente cordiale* on the part of Germany, and very recently endeavoured to show that the Teutons are her true friends and the English her enemies. That was rather an exaggerated view of the case, and was soon dropped. A little incident that took place last week has, however, been commented on with great pleasure. Two French priests on their travels were in Cologne Cathedral and about to view its relics and treasures. At that moment an officer in uniform entered, accompanied by only one of the ordinary custodians of the edifice. Seeing that they were Frenchmen, he constituted himself their cicerone, showed them everything worth seeing, and then bade them a courteous adieu. On inquiry, the two priests found that this polite and painstaking officer was none other than the Crown Prince of Prussia.

Everyone who is acquainted with the pictures in the Louvre, must remember the copy of Raphael's famous Madonna di Loretto which hangs there. It is said that the original has just been discovered in the collection of a private gentleman at Hyères, and those who have good memories on such points recall that the picture disappeared from Rome in 1798 as soon as General Colli, then in command of the Roman troops, heard that the French Army had reached Ancona.

Anyone who wishes to be domiciled amid historic associations, and does not object to taking up his abode in Jedburgh, N.B., may become the tenant of a curious three-storeyed stone house in which Mary Queen of Scots lived for some months during the winter of 1566-7. It has not been long vacant, and the landlord is Colonel Armstrong, of St. Petersburg. It was old even when Mary Stuart sojourned there, and neither record nor tradition exists as to when it was built or who was the builder thereof. It was from thence that the fair Queen paid her hasty, foolish visit to Bothwell at Hermitage Castle, during which she probably caught the fever that immediately afterwards prostrated her. In one of the

rooms there still hangs a piece of tapestry representing the meeting of Jacob and Esau, which is said to have been wrought by the maids of honour during the stay of their Royal mistress.

One of the most curious coincidences of modern times is that Sir Edward Malet should have been nominated English Ambassador at Berlin on Sept. 18, for it was on Sept. 18, 1870, that he had an interview at Meaux with Prince Bismarck which was not without significance. Sir Edward was then an Attaché to the British Embassy in Paris, and it was well known that he did not exactly share the sympathy of his *chef for la belle France* in her hour of sorrow. The Iron Chancellor and the embryo diplomatist spent a couple of hours together, during which it was clearly understood that Prussia meant to have Metz and Strasbourg, and would not hesitate to bombard and even burn Paris *if necessary*. The French nation does not forget that Sir Edward Malet has recently been our representative in the land of the Pharaohs, and attributes the project of suspending the Egyptian Sinking Fund to his influence.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

The news from Khartoum, to the 29th ult., of important victories gained by General Gordon, and the repulse of the Mahdi's besieging force, has apparently caused the military and authorities in Egypt to put a limit on the amount of their preparations for the expedition up the Nile. Lord Wolseley has telegraphed to the War Office that he does not at present require the two battalions of infantry which were to have been sent on from Malta; but the draughts from the Guards and various cavalry regiments, to form the proposed Camel Corps, are collected at Aldershot, where they were to be inspected last Thursday by the Duke of Cambridge, and were to embark next day at Portsmouth. Lord Wolseley occupies at Cairo the palace called the Kasr-el-Noussa, of which we present an illustration. He is expected, however, in a few days, to proceed up the Nile, and to superintend the advance of his force at Wady Halfa, near the Second Cataract. The British troops are being sent up as rapidly as possible, going by railway from Cairo to Assiout, and thence by steamboats to Assouan, where a short railway conveys them past the First Cataract to re-embark on the Nile for Wady Halfa, which is about two hundred miles from Assouan. Two of our Sketches are, respectively, that of some troops and officers awaiting the departure of their train at the Boulak-el-Dakrur Station, Cairo; and that of the conveyance of an advanced guard up the river, near Korosko, in a "dahabieh" towed by the steam-boat Mahmoudieh. This detachment consisted of 180 men of the Sussex regiment. The total strength of the British army in Egypt is now 13,559, of whom 691 are sick.

Three identical cipher telegrams from General Gordon, dated Khartoum, Aug. 26, have been received by the Khedive, Sir Evelyn Baring, and Nubar Pasha. The text of the telegrams is as follows:—"I am awaiting the arrival of British troops in order to evacuate the Egyptian garrisons. Send me Zebehr Pasha, and pay him a yearly salary of £8000. I shall surrender the Soudan to the Sultan as soon as 20,000 Turkish troops have arrived. If the rebels kill the Egyptians you will be answerable for their blood. I require £300,000 for soldiers' pay, my daily expenses being £1500. Within a few days I shall take Berber, where I have sent Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul, with a good number of troops and Bashi Bazouks; who, after a fortnight's stay there, will burn the town, and then return to Khartoum. Colonel Stewart will first go to Dongola and then to the Equator, to bring back the garrisons from thence. I disbelieve the report of the Mahdi's coming, and hope the Soudanese will kill him. If Turkish troops arrive they should come by Dongola and Kassala, and you should give them £300,000."

General Gordon's messenger reports that on July 24 Emir Abou Khanga, with an army from Kordofan, was defeated; and on Aug. 29, before the messenger left Khartoum, another battle had taken place, in which the son of the Sheikh Sid and his followers were killed, and the siege of Khartoum was raised. This intelligence is confirmed by a letter to the Mudir from Khetm Moos Bey stating that he and his troops were at Halfaya; and that the Shaggia tribe and people had come in and submitted. The chiefs have begged for mercy, and have entered into a compact, swearing on the Koran never again to follow the Mahdi. This compact they have since observed. Sennar is in perfect security. It is expected that General Gordon will come to meet Lord Wolseley's expedition between Khartoum and Dongola. The latest message received at Ambukol states that many of the besiegers have withdrawn from Khartoum, and that supplies are coming in well from the south. General Gordon has sent four steamers to relieve the garrison of Sennar, and on their return he will dispatch a force to Berber to meet the British expedition.

Sheikh Saleh, chief of the Kabbabish, the most important tribe in the Soudan south of Dongola, has written a letter to Major Kitchener professing personal loyalty, but saying that his tribe has gone over to the Mahdi, and he himself is powerless with them and a fugitive. The letter says that the Kabbabish would have aided General Hicks if backed up, but will not assist the coming expedition, though the tribe will probably supply food and camels for the troops after the rebels have been defeated.

Professor Max Müller on Monday opened a High School for Girls at Leamington, and spoke with satisfaction of the perfect success which had attended the High School at Oxford, where the scheme was at first strongly opposed, as it had been at Leamington. The Rev. Dr. Wood, Principal of Leamington College, presided, and there was a distinguished company present.

The annual conference of the pastors, delegates, and officers of the associated churches of the London Baptist Association was held on Tuesday evening at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, when the president, the Rev. J. W. Todd, D.D., of Sydenham, opened the proceedings with an address on "A more thorough knowledge of Sacred Scripture—an urgent need of our age. How may it best be promoted?" Mr. Spurgeon was prevented by illness from being present.

Mr. H. M. Stanley on the 18th inst. addressed a special meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, at the Cannon-street Hotel, on the recent operations of the International Association in the basin of the Congo. He dwelt on the great resources of the country, and strongly protested against the Portuguese pretensions, which, if admitted and enforced, would, he declared, act as a blight on a region otherwise capable of wonderful development under the free constitution that was being prepared. The great hall was crowded, and the audience gave the traveller a most enthusiastic reception. In the evening Mr. Stanley was entertained at a banquet at the Cannon-street Hotel by the members of the Chamber, Sir George Chambers in the chair.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

The wonderful gentleman who edits the *St. James's Gazette*, who finds out a fresh mare's nest every week-day afternoon, and who, if pigeon's milk and frog's butter were marketable commodities, might set up a colossal dairy for the sale of those articles, has just made (Sept. 23) the astounding discovery that Mr. Gladstone (born 1809) is only a brilliant amateur! We "hear so much," observes the wonderful gentleman of the "*S. J. G.*," "of the terrible earnestness of the Prime Minister, that it sounds like a paradox to talk of his work being amateurish; but so it is, nearly all." "Amateurish" is a horribly un-English sounding word (I am sorry to say that we owe it to Charles Dickens); but let that pass. The thing is the discovery that Mr. Gladstone (born 1809) is "not much more of a statesman than an archaeologist"; and that he is in all things an amateur.

Well, so he is, in one sense. Let us take the dictionary definition of "amateur." I am nearly bereft of books by the sad sea waves; but I had the foresight to bring Ogilvie and Annandale with me. "Amateur. One who cultivates any study or art from taste or attachment without pursuing it professionally or with a view to gain." Mr. Gladstone scarcely answers to the ordinary idea of a professional politician; and he has certainly not pursued his studies with a view to gain; while, as a statesman, he has not yet made himself an Earl or a Knight of the Garter. He has not yet made his clerk a Peer or his solicitor a Baronet.

"And then," concludes the wonderful gentleman of the *S. J. G.*, "the jealousy; the so-easily enraged vanity! But we have said enough" (I should think so!), "and may very well end with a prayer that the Lord will very soon deliver this afflicted kingdom from its brilliant amateur." Very just, very generous, very reverent, very charitable, this "prayer"; but still, it is not quite original. I like old Noll's better. "Oh! Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane."

The Social Science Congress of 1884 will certainly have a claim to remembrance for the prominent place taken by the readers of papers in the Art Section, so ably presided over by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P. There was, to be sure, a considerable quantity of nonsense talked during some of the Art "powwows." For example, what did my old and much-admired friend Mr. Charles G. Leland, who told his hearers so many edifying things about the system of art-education pursued in the classes which he has been teaching with such excellent results at Philadelphia, mean by deprecating the drawing of "abstract arabesques without any immediate aim." I hope that Mr. Leland was, in this instance, inaccurately reported. My dear Hans Breitmann, you know as well as I do, that there is no such thing as "an abstract arabesque." You might as well speak of a muscular skeleton. An arabesque is the concrete outcome of an abstract geometrical plan. An arabesque, be its design Græco-Roman or Morisco or Cinquecento, must have, ere it can be traced, its exactly defined geometrical groundwork. There is not an arabesque in the Alhambra or the Alcazar, at Pompeii, or in the Baths of Titus, that has not its geometrical abstract. Without it, a decorative design would not be an arabesque. It would be only a "snarl," a complicated and aimless entanglement of lines, as "snarled" as the hair which the lady in Spenser oft rent from her head.

I thank thee for reminding me of that word, most erudite writer of a technological paper on "ring-spinning" in the *Times*. The technology of "ring-spinning" is not, you may opine, a very inviting subject to be taken up when you are enjoying a brief furlough at the seaside. But to me the essay on "ring-spinning" has been as entertaining as one of the Arabian tales, or Miss Braddon's "Ishmael." What mines of old English word-lore do you not find in the vocabulary of the factory. In the *Times* article I read of a "snarl preventor," as invented by Mr. Brooks. I first thought that Shirley Brooks's "Naggletons" had come to life again, and that the best of all "snarl preventors" would be the smiling and placable Mr. Punch. But I timeously remembered that "snarl" in textile techniques had nothing to do with snarling in the sense of growling or being snappish, but that to "snarl" a skein of thread is to twist or entangle it. Mr. Brooks's "snarl preventor" is a new form of thread-wire which pounces on snarled threads and prevents their coming in contact with the adjacent ones.

But the vocabulary of cotton-spinning is all-embracing, and takes in not only old but new words.

Ballooning, again, is another difficulty which occurs in ring-spinning. . . . This ballooning is the outward curving of a loose thread of yarn between the thread-wire and the point of contact with the traveller. The bulge, or curve, assumes the outline of a balloon; hence the name given to this defect, which is remedied by the anti-balloon ring.

It is a far cry from Spenser's "snarled hair" to Montgolfier's hot-air bag; but Cotton is King.

I have received a letter signed "A Genuine Taffy" (Boulevard des Capucines, Paris), which apparently treats of Mr. Henry Richard's speech at Liverpool, of the Eisteddfod, of the Cymmrodorion, of Bosworth Field, and of the Cockney Press. I say apparently; for, in the main, the gentleman's letter is, to me, as inscrutable as Stonehenge. Has not Mr. Yates somewhere told a story of Anthony Trollope, at a meeting of Post Office employés, telling one of the speakers that he had not heard a word that he had said, but that he (A. T.) altogether disagreed with him? I am unable to decipher a title of "A Genuine Taffy's" communication; but I hasten to assure him, in all sincerity, that I entirely agree with every word that he has written. May the beards of the Welsh bards and the strings of their harps never grow less; and confusion to the Bashi Bazouks (as Mr. Henry Richard calls them) of the Cockney press who have dared to disparage the Eisteddfod and the bardic traditions! Such unscrupulous scribes would malign the North Pole and speak disrespectfully of the Equator.

A not very edifying dubiety would appear to be the present condition of mind of the worthy people who think that the approaching centenary of the death of Dr. Samuel Johnson ought in some manner or another to be publicly celebrated. The memory of the Sage of Bolt-court (and of many other courts in the neighbourhood of his beloved Fleet-street) has already been honoured by a statue at Lichfield (recently embellished by some frolicsome spirits with the contents of a blacking-bottle), and by an effigy, imperfectly attired in sham classical raiment, in St. Paul's Cathedral. Moreover, a perennial monument has been raised to the genius and the virtue of the Doctor by one James Boswell of Auchinleck. To my mind, the very best way in which we could possibly commemorate the centenary of Sam Johnson would be to devote a larger portion of our time to the study of his admirable writings. It is shameful to be told that nobody reads "Rasselas," or the "Rambler," the "Idler," and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" nowadays.

A terribly grim correspondent is "H. E. S.," who, under date of Aug. 2, writes from Vellore, North-West Madras Presidency, remarking that "people at home seem to make a great fuss about cholera," and who therefore forwards me an extract from the *Madras Mail*, which, he says, "will give to those who live at home at ease" an idea of what real cholera is like. It is needless to horrify my readers by quoting the extract in its entirety; but it may be stated that since January last cholera has been raging with the greatest virulence in the district of Tanjore, that many villages have been almost entirely devastated, that the weekly mortality from cholera has never been less than five hundred, and that "the local authorities have not been awakened to a sense of their responsibility even by the harrowing total of 15,000 deaths." But since my correspondent wrote, we "who live at home at ease" have certainly been able to gather an idea of what cholera is really like—in the city of Naples, at least.

Who shall say that we have no longer any great writers among us, and that the mantle of Junius, of Burke, of Gibbon, of Macaulay has not descended on any modern shoulders? Read the following splendid peroration to a letter on contemporary politics published in the *Morning Post* :—

The handwriting is on the wall; but this time there is no mystery about it. There is no occasion to call in the magicians, and the astrologers, and the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers; no Daniel is required to translate it; everybody reads it and understands it except ourselves. It is very simple. "Because you have forsaken the true god, common-sense, and have followed after the nonsense god's theory—sophism and paradox—therefore your kingdom shall be taken from you," &c. If at some future period an Englishman should visit and explore the sources of his race, and the decayed and ruined homes of his fathers, and should exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!" "Whence comes this great ruin?" the last man in the last street will answer, "Gladstone and Bright! Free trade and foreign policy!"

These are, indeed, "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." At the same time, there is always some little peril in prophesying too precisely. How would it be if "the last man in the last street" instead of replying "Gladstone and Bright! Free trade and foreign policy!" should make this simple answer, "Walker!"

"Can you tell me," writes "M. A." (Eastbourne), "who wrote the lines—

They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His head they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyons Inn."

"M. A." remarks that he has seen the lines attributed to Mr. Thackeray, to John Wilson Croker, and to Theodore Hook. I have always understood that they were written by Hook; but, at present, I can give no authority for my impression.

Mem. : I wish that some patient and discriminative London antiquary would write a monograph on Lyon's Inn, that queer, grimy little Inn of Chancery on the site of which, in New-castle-street, Strand, now stands the Globe Theatre. All kinds of strange people have had chambers in Lyon's Inn. The English solicitor of Napoleon the Great (during the captivity of the latter at St. Helena) lived in Lyon's Inn; and many were the occult communications that, from 1816 to 1821, passed between the secretaries of the Exile of Longwood and the confidential lawyer in London, who seems to have had full control over the Imperial funds.

In connection with Lyon's Inn and Weare and Thurtell, and the horrible Gill's Hill murder, "J. D." (Dorking) asks me to use all my influence to "get rid of the silly word trap," as applied to a carriage. "Depend upon it," continues "J. D.," "the story you were told when a child about the term being popularly applied to a two-wheeled vehicle after the murder of Weare is utterly untrue. I am older than you are" (is "J. D." quite certain about that?), "and I well remember the Gill's Hill-lane tragedy in 1823; and I am certain that the word 'trap' did not become popular, even as slang, till nearly thirty years later." Oh! oh! oh!

I cry "Oh! oh! oh!" for the reason that "J. D." goes on to say: "The earliest instance of the word in print that can just now quote occurs in *Household Words* for 1852 (vol. v., p. 252) in an article headed 'Phases of Public Life'; and there it is used, as it were, apologetically, as if not yet legitimate." "Trap" is not yet a legitimate English word for a two-wheeled vehicle, although my correspondent quotes an advertisement in my respected contemporary, the *Guardian*, from a rector who, in seeking a *locum tenens*, offers the use of "a pony and trap." "Trap" for a wheeled conveyance has ceased to be a vulgar slang term. It has become a harmless colloquialism.

But, touching the first printed use of "trap" as signifying a carriage, it so happens, my much valued correspondent, that the articles called "Phases of Public Life," which appeared in *Household Words* two-and-thirty years ago, were written by your humble servant; and I am ready to come into any court and make affidavit that, in 1852, I had been familiar from my earliest youth with the word "trap" as a term of "horsey"

slang for a gig. Attentive students of Pierce Egan will very probably be able to show that the brotherhood of Jehu were accustomed to speak of their gigs as "traps" years before I was born or thought of.

Mem. : Dates form an important item in the history of the minutiae of civilisation, and this Lilliputian controversy concerning traps emboldens me to put a question not to experts in slang, horsey or otherwise, but to the most constant and the kindest of my constituents, the ladies. In a story called "Le Pied d'Argile" written in 1838 in the *Revue de Paris* by Charles De Bernard (that by no means contemptible rival of Honoré De Balzac), a gentleman who happens (strange fatality!) not to have any ready money about him, requests a temporary loan for a charitable purpose from a lady to whom he is engaged to be married. She is, be it remembered, a Parisian lady of fashion, and she proceeds to unknot one of the corners of her pocket-handkerchief and to produce therefrom her purse.

Now, I want to know whether any ladies at the present day are in the habit of tying up their purses in the corners of their *mouchoirs*. The lady to whom I usually apply for information on matters feminine carries her *portemonnaie* clutched in her hand; but she tells me that in omnibuses she has occasionally seen members of her own sex (but of the industrial classes) tie up their purse in a corner of a handkerchief and then twist the handkerchief itself round the hand. Be it also borne in mind that the *portemonnaie* with a metal frame and leather compartments and sides, which was almost entirely to supersede the old ringed purse of silk or steel beads, came into popular use in 1840, two years after Charles De Bernard's "Pied d'Argile" was first published. Envelopes and "Breguet" or "Albert" watch-guards became popular at about the same period as that named.

For a complete list of the kinds or varieties of religions in England "G. W." (Amersham) refers me to *Whitaker's Almanack* (to which Lord Beaconsfield gave immortality in connection with her Majesty's assumption of the title of Empress of Hindostan). The much-knowing Whitaker gives no less than one hundred and eighty-seven sects, having "certified places of worship in England and Wales," as against the Rev. Dr. Lee's one hundred and sixty-seven. My own little list of forty-eight was given entirely from memory, and had not the slightest pretensions to be exhaustive.

But I am even more grateful to the gentleman who has kindly sent me a "Dictionary of Religions and Religious Sects, compiled and printed by Fred. Simms, at his Private Press, Henwyke, Worcester, 1883." Mr. Simms observes, in his prefatory "Apology," that, having frequently inquired at the booksellers for a Dictionary of Religious Sects, and always receiving the same answer—namely, that no such book (in the form he required) was published, he thought that he would try to compile one himself; and at once set about the work. There is, it is true, a Denominational "Dictionary"; and I have at home a work in two corpulent quarto volumes "The Faiths of the World"; but Mr. Simms' little dictionary has, among other merits, those of being portable, simple, and compendious.

Brighton is a town where (even had I not a hundred other reasons for paying my homage to the Queen of Watering-Places, whenever I have some little leisure) I can always pick up interesting books, and, moreover, books which to me are scarce. I have not yet visited my favourite book-hunting grounds among the stalls in Brighton Market; but I have been to the great book store in North-street, and to the one in Ship-street, hard by the Post Office, and have already made some tolerably lucky finds. Item, the "Album of the Cambridge Garrick Club" (what do you say to that, Mr. Burnand?), published early in the Thirties, with some spirited etched portraits of Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, William Charles Macready, and Miss Mitford; item, the Hon. Charles Langdale's "Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert"; item, the "Correspondence between Frances, Countess of Hartford (afterwards Duchess of Somerset), and Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, between the years 1738 and 1741." Four volumes. Highly entertaining, and edifying to boot.

But here is a more curious work. Four stout volumes, of more than five hundred pages each, of "The Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell from 1656 to 1659, with an account of the Parliament of 1654, from the journal of Guiborn Goddard, Esq., M.P. Now first printed." The work, edited by John Towill Rutt, was published by Colburn in 1828; and concerning it I am about to ask a very crude and, perhaps, idiotic question. Are these Diaries and Journals genuine, or are they an ingenious *pastiche* compiled from the Parliamentary History, the State Trials, Whitlock, Thurloe, and the rest? There was a deluge of apocryphal memoirs published between 1825 and 1828.

At all events, T. Burton and G. Goddard may help me in my quest after the meaning of Oliver's "Harp" Lords. Again, in vol. iv., page 7, I find a curious morsel of philological information which may be of some slight service to Dr. Murray when, in his Big Dictionary, he comes to the word "parole." In the matter of one Mr. Henry Wroth, who had got into some trouble with the House of Commons,

Mr. Turner and Mr. Trevor moved that his parole might be taken. Sir Arthur Haslerigge—The word parole is a new word. I move that the Sergeant take his bond. Sir George Booth—Seeing that we all understand not French, let us take his word: that is English. Sir Richard Temple—His word is sufficient. Colonel Bennett—I move that he enter bail to the Sergeant. Mr. Neville—I move that he enter security. The Guiborn-Goddard MS., it is stated in a footnote, recites that Mr. Wroth's affair was referred to a Select Committee, and in the meantime he was discharged on his parole; "but that being a French word, and martial-law, too, he was ordered to give security to the Sergeant." The great Wroth case might have been quoted to advantage in the Commons in our own time, when honourable members had so much to say about the "clôture," forgetting or wilfully ignoring its plain English equivalent "closure." But they had other notions touching English in Oliver's days.

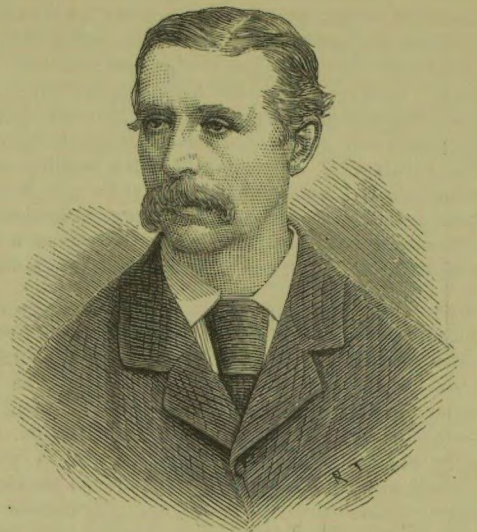
G. A. S.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. MEDLEY, R.E.

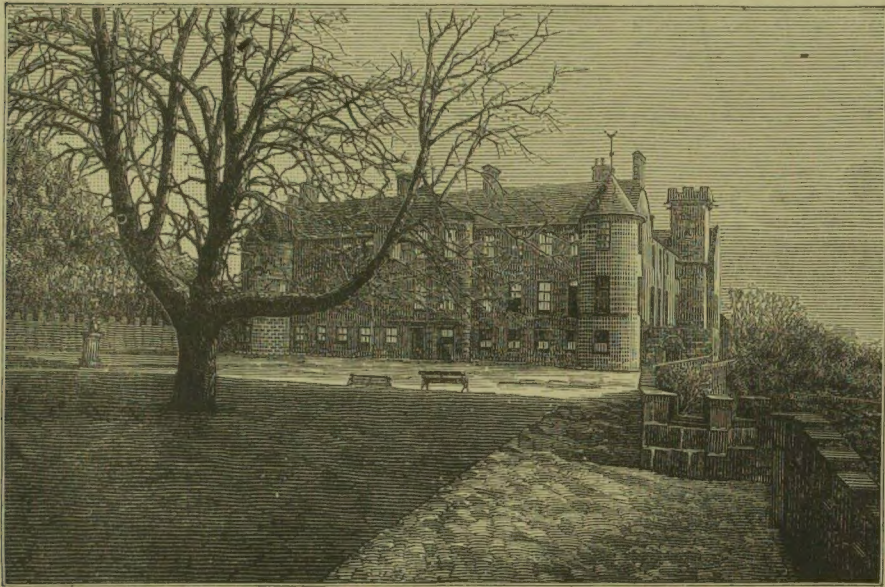
A long and useful Indian career was brought to a close, on the 12th ult., by the sudden death, at Port Said, of Major-General Julius George Medley, R.E. The period of thirty-six years, over which General Medley's term of service extended, has been most eventful in the history of British India. An actor in many of the most stirring scenes of the Indian Mutiny, Lieutenant Medley performed good service in the reconnoitring of the main breach, and in the operations of the first column, which he led, in the assault upon Delhi; the story of which he has described with vivid force in a small book, frequently quoted by Sir J. Kaye, entitled "A Year's Campaigning in India." His services in the field being ended, Major Medley was appointed Principal of the Thomasson Civil Engineering College at Roorkee, a post which he held for seven years (1861 to 1868), and with which his name will be always honourably connected; for he left it the first Civil Engineering College in the Empire. General Medley's subsequent career was in connection with the railways of the North-West. First as Superintending, latterly as Consulting Engineer to the Indian Government, he has had a hand in pushing forward the construction and completion of the frontier lines. He was a strong believer in the importance of railways from a military point of view, and as an instrument of civilisation. He was an advocate of the development of a system of feeder lines, rather than of fresh enterprises, and he believed in the ultimate success of a uniform rate of cheap railway fares. As an author, General Medley has contributed several works both to professional and general literature. Of the former kind are a little engineers' manual, now extensively used throughout India; three lectures, delivered at Chatham, and subsequently published, on "India



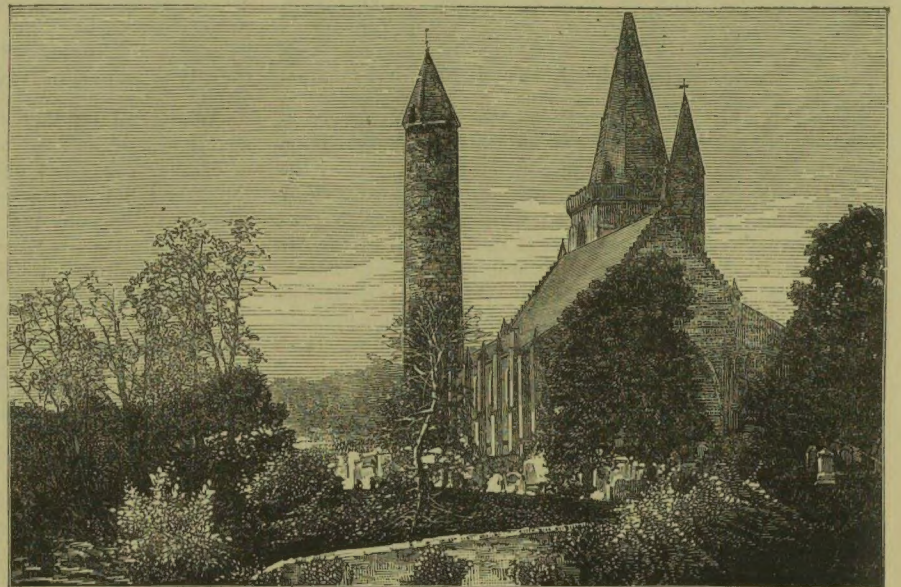
THE LATE GENERAL F. B. CORFIELD.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL J. G. MEDLEY, R.E.



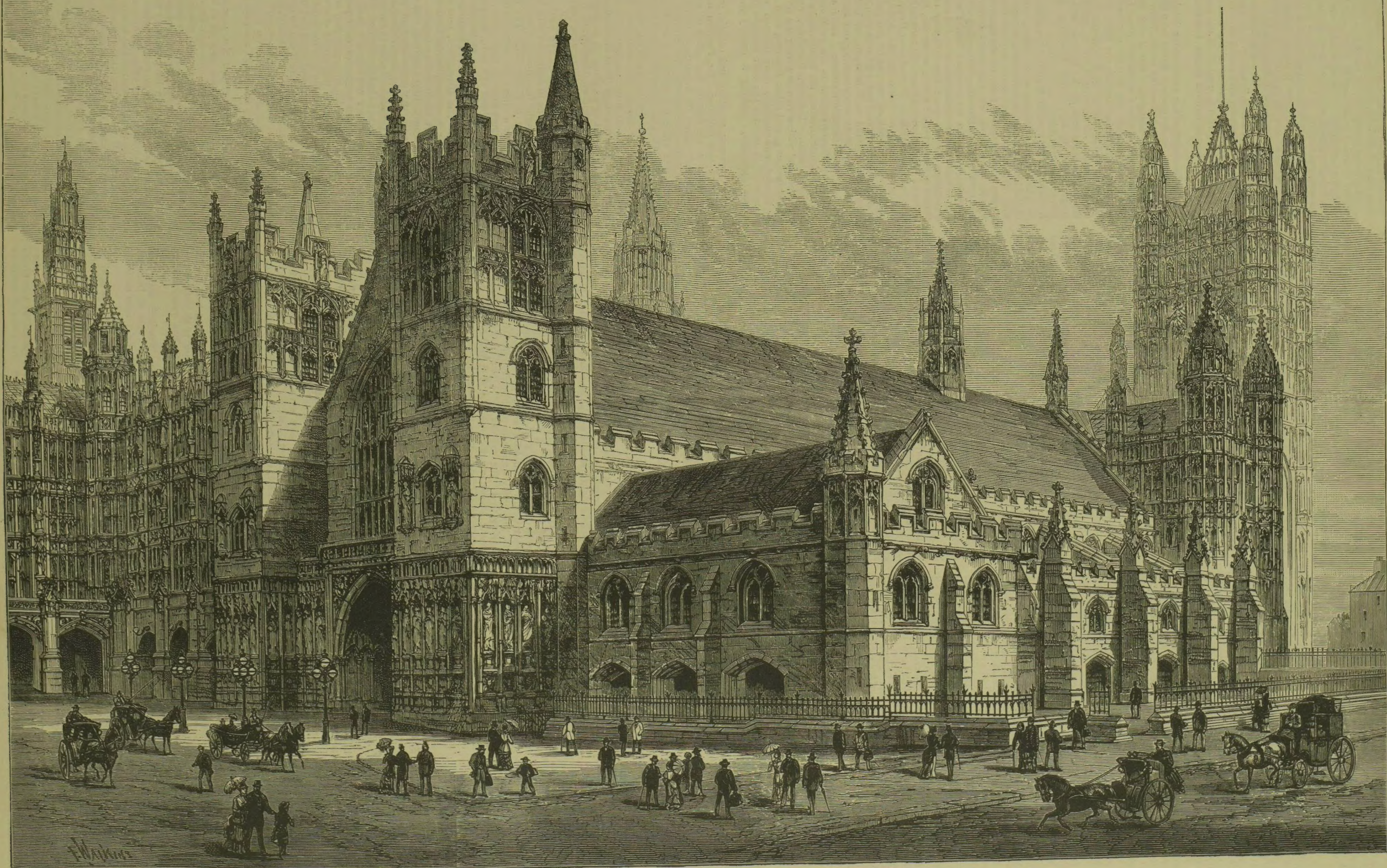
BRECHIN CASTLE, THE SEAT OF LORD DALHOUSIE, VISITED BY MR. GLADSTONE.



ROUND TOWER AND CATHEDRAL, BRECHIN.



THE MAN IN POSSESSION.



THE PROPOSED RESTORATIONS OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

and Indian Engineering" (E. and F. N. Spon); and several papers, in a periodical of which he was the originator and for many years the editor, on "Indian Engineering." To general literature he has contributed a suggestive book on America, entitled "An Autumn Tour in the United States and Canada" (H. S. King and Co.), and a small religious treatise called "Modern Rational Christianity" (Hardwicke). General Medley's sudden removal from a sphere in which it might have been calculated that he had many more years of useful activity before him, will be lamented by a large circle of personal and professional friends.

COPEMAN'S CANOE RAFT.

The War Office has purchased and sent to Egypt, for use in the Nile Expedition, the twin-canoe raft invented by Mr. E. S. Copeman, of 4, Victoria-street, Westminster, of which we give an illustration. It was tested at Woolwich by the officers of the Department on the 11th inst., when its remarkable stability and buoyancy, the security afforded by its water-tight compartments, and its capacity of stowage, were fully recognised. It is devised on the same principle as the "seat raft," shown by Mr. Copeman at the Fisheries Exhibition last year, the principle of the Indian "catamaran." Mr. Copeman, it will be remembered, crossed the Channel on his seat raft in November last. The canoe raft sent out for service on the Nile consists of two very light canoe-shaped bodies, 25 ft. long, made of deal, with ribs of American elm, and covered both inside and out with stout canvas. These two canoes are placed side by side with a space of two feet between them; four cross-spars are then fitted right across the top of both, and lashed securely down. The bodies of the canoes, which are each constructed in five water-tight compartments, are then decked over with hatches. The space between the canoes is covered over with three hatches, in like manner, making a clear deck about 18 ft. long by 8 ft. wide, for the accommodation of the men. It is not intended that the canoes should ever be used singly, but only when lashed together in the form of a raft as described. Capsizing is impossible, but in case of an accident from the raft being damaged in any particular part, it is far less likely to sink than an ordinary boat, as the canoes are constructed in compartments. The boat carries two sails, three oars, and twelve paddles, and there are awnings stretched from bow to stern of each canoe. When the raft has to be propelled by manual labour it is believed that paddles will be of more service than oars in inexperienced hands, and if need be, every man on board can take to paddling. A raft thus constructed will carry twelve men and 4500 lb. of stores, but one can easily be made to carry 7500 lb. of stores. The stores can be placed in the compartments of the canoes, and having been covered over, the platform is available for the accommodation of the men. The idea of the inventor has been to make his raft as light and portable as possible, so that, when rapids are reached which cannot be safely navigated by ordinary boats, it can be quickly taken to pieces and carried beyond the cataracts by the crew. There would appear to be some very considerable advantages in the use of these rafts, which are easily taken to pieces and carried overland, instead of being hauled through with considerable risk. They afford more room for the men to move about in; can be propelled with paddles in parts where oars are of no use among boulders, for instance; and, above all things, it is almost impossible for them to capsize or sink. The raft, when fully laden with stores, has only a draught of about two feet. This is only one of several recommendations.

BIRTHS.

On the 21st inst., at Clapham-common, the wife of Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., of a son.
On the 22nd inst., at Barkstone Rectory, Grantham, the wife of the Rev. E. M. Clements, of a son.
On the 22nd inst., at St. Paul's, Waldenbury, Welwyn, Lady Glamis, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 17th inst., at the parish church of Drumholme, Ballintra, by the father of the bride, Edward Holland, D.I. Royal Irish Constabulary, Drogheda, county Louth, second son of Lieut.-Colonel John Holland, Northfleet, Kent, to Edith Agnes, youngest daughter of the Rev. A. Jagoe, D.D., Vicar of Drumholme.
On the 4th inst., at the University Chapel, Stephen's-green, Dublin, by the Rev. D. Corbett, P.P. Quinn and Clooney, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Egan, Major Hugh Mitchell MacNamara MacMahon, 7th Brigade South Irish Division Royal Artillery, only son of William MacMahon, Esq., Clonmore, Kilmurry, county Clare, and maternal grandson of the late Captain White, R.N., Shantella House, Galway, to Olivia, daughter and coheir of the late Cornelius Creagh, Esq., Dangan Castle, county Clare.
On the 18th inst., at St. George's, Tufnell Park, N., by the Rev. F. M. Harke, assisted by the Rev. J. Sargeant, Alexander M. Nathan, of Trevonnin Lodge, St. Andrew, Jamaica, to Georgie, daughter of the late George Rankin, Londonderry, Ireland.

DEATHS.

At the Hôtel National, Geneva, Switzerland, R. Mellifont Townshend, Esq., of 5, Promenade des Anglais, Nice, France, aged 87 years.
On the 21st inst., at Fulham Royal, Bucks, suddenly, Richard Charles Rowe, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, aged 30.
On the 20th inst., at Rutland-gate, the Lady Mary Whitbread, aged 80.
* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great work is now ON VIEW, together with Commendatore CISERI's Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 55, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels, 24 hours; to Cologne, 15 hours; to Berlin, 24 hours; to Vienna, 30 hours; to Milan, via the St. Gothard, 30 hours; and to every great City on the Continent. Also to the East, via Brindisi. Single and Return THROUGH TICKETS at very REDUCED FARES, and 50 lb. of Luggage gratis on board of the mail. Beds against SLEA-SICKNESS. Refreshment and dining rooms. Private Cabins. Stewardesses, &c. Two Services daily, in correspondence with the INTERNATIONAL MAIL, and Express-trains.
Direct German Carriages, and Sleeping-Cars.
Agencies at London, 55, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 2, Strand-street; at Ostend; at Brussels, Montagne de la Cour, 10A; at Cologne, Domhof 12; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c.
Daily conveyance of ordinary and specie parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route from England to Italy. Excursions to the Jura, by the Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the St. Gothard Railway. Through-going sleeping-cars from Ostend, balcony carriages, gas-lighted, safety continuous brakes. Tickets at all corresponding railway stations, and at Cook's, Gaze's, and Cayrol's Offices.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
NEW PROGRAMME. All the new songs and all the new and screaming comic sketches received with the greatest enthusiasm by houses crowded to repletion. Return of the infatigable and justly popular comedian, Mr. G. W. MOORE. Performances all the year round. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT; DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well. Doors open for Day Performance at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30. Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall. Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W.
LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Play, "The Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTEEN. At a Quarter past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Comyns Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. MATINEE OF CALLED BACK, SATURDAY, OCT. 4, at 2.30.

BRECHIN, FORFARSHIRE.

Brechin Castle, where Mr. Gladstone was staying last week as the guest of the Earl and Countess of Dalhousie, is situated on the banks of the river South Esk, close to the small town of Brechin, in Forfarshire. In 1296 Edward I. occupied Brechin Castle, and there received the homage of King John Balliol, and the surrender of the crown and kingdom of Scotland. In the following year, Wallace drove the English from this stronghold, and the castle was then held in the Scottish interest by Sir Thomas Maule, an ancestor of the present proprietor. This heroic captain in 1303 defended the castle against Edward I. during a siege of twenty days, and was mortally wounded by the English artillery, his dying words being a cry of defiance to the foe. Next day the garrison capitulated, and appears to have been forthwith destroyed. Little or nothing of the old pile now remains, though parts of the present building are of great age, and the south wall is in some places nearly 5 ft. in thickness. The Maules, of whom the present Earl of Dalhousie is the lineal representative, have preserved an unbroken descent in the male line for 760 years. Lord Dalhousie is also the descendant of "The Laird o' Cockpen," well known in Scottish song. Brechin Castle has extensive parks and woods, in which are a number of remarkable trees, and many striking views. The Image Bridge across the South Esk, running under the castle walls, is a unique structure in a most picturesque position. Brechin Cathedral dates back so far as the twelfth century, although it was not completed before the fourteenth. In the early part of the present century it was "restored," almost out of all recognition; beautiful mouldings and pillars, arches and windows, were plastered over, and have not yet been restored to their pristine beauty. The Round Tower adjacent to the cathedral is one of two such structures in Scotland, the other being at Abernethy. It is 106 ft. in height; was evidently designed from the first to stand alone; and is unconnected with any remains. These Round Towers have long baffled the researches of antiquaries, but are believed to have been erected about eight hundred years ago. In Ireland, where they are said to be "as old as the hills," there are seventy-six towers of this general type.

THE LATE GENERAL CORFIELD.

General Frederick Brooke Corfield, of the Bengal Infantry, died last week at his residence in Upper Norwood, aged eighty-one. The deceased entered the Army in 1820, and obtained a lieutenantcy in 1823. He was promoted to the rank of Captain in 1831, became Major in 1843, and Lieutenant-Colonel in 1849. The gallant officer served during the Punjab campaign of 1848-9, and was present at the actions of Chillianwallah and Goojerat. He was advanced to a colonelcy in 1854, and became Major-General in 1860, Lieutenant-General in 1870, and a General in 1877. He was married twice—firstly, to Annie Nairn, who died in 1862; and secondly, in 1864, to Julia Elisabeth Eglan, who survives him; but he has left no issue.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

The rat-catcher's faithful terrier knows his duty, and mounts guard over the trap containing the captive vermin, with a resolution strictly to forbid every other dog's meddlesome approach; and the fierce earnestness of this canine "man in possession" is sufficiently droll. He is quite a Jack-in-office, fully aware of his responsible authority, and probably knows that the imprisoned victim will hereafter be turned out for his own and his master's sport, when his patience will be amply rewarded. There is either a great deal of human nature in dogs, or a certain amount of doggishness in man, which Sir Edwin Landseer, above all other Artists, was able to comprehend and interpret in the former instance. Whether it be owing to superior intelligence, as a natural endowment of their race, or to their constant social companionship with human friends, and the confidential employments with which they are intrusted, comparative psychologists may decide. It often seems a pity that they cannot speak our language; but then, we fear, they would tell tales of our behaviour; and it would be scandalous if a poacher's dog were tempted to turn Queen's evidence before the magistrate, to convict his owner of killing a hare. The lady's lap-dog might prove a mischievous gossip, and might possibly cause the breaking-off of a match by some unfavourable revelations of a mistress's ill-temper; and the secrets of the parlour would be carried down to the kitchen, or out into the street. Household offences could no longer be safely palliated by saying that "the cat did it"; but they would too easily be made known when "the dog said it," and most of the servants would soon give warning in presence of such a favoured family spy. On the whole, it seems to us, the dog enjoys a better position as it is, wanting discourse of reason, and being exempt from the perilous obligation to make express statements in articulate speech. He is always forgiven, and usually admired, for giving utterance to his natural sentiments in his own simple way; and this he can do in such a lively manner as to engage human sympathy, and almost to make him appear one of ourselves.

Sir Thomas Lennard's hunters were last week sold by auction at Belhus Park. Forty-two animals realised 5396 guineas.

The Earl of Aberdeen has consented to preside at the anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, to be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Dec. 1.

Lord Rosebery has met with an unfortunate accident. While riding in Dalmeny Park on Tuesday his horse stepped into a rabbit hole, throwing his Lordship, whose collar-bone was broken.

The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India on Miss Edith Helen Fergusson, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., Governor of Bombay.

The Registrar of the University College of South Wales has received an intimation from Lord Aberdare to the effect that Lord Cawdor will subscribe £100 a year for five years towards the institution.

Her Majesty's gun-boat Wasp was wrecked early last Monday morning on Tory Island, off the coast of Donegal, and of a total complement of about fifty-eight men on board only six were saved. None of the officers survive.

An exhibition of flowers, fruit, and vegetables was held by the Royal Horticultural Society in their conservatory at South Kensington on Tuesday and Wednesday. The chief attention of the exhibitors of fruit had been devoted to apples and grapes, while dahlias had primarily occupied the exhibitors of flowers.

In London, last week, 2498 births and 1315 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 126, and the deaths 101, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 6 from smallpox, 18 from measles, 26 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping-cough, 27 from enteric fever, 86 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

We supplement our Illustrations of Westminster Hall by another, showing more completely the new work which the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, desires to carry into effect. We are able also to give a more complete account of the proposals, derived from the drawings and the printed report prepared by Mr. Pearson, R.A., the architect, and lately laid before the Houses of Parliament.

Although necessarily of a technical character, Mr. Pearson's report contains much matter of interest to the general reader. It forms a complete architectural history of the building; and no time or trouble seems to have been spared in order to reach reliable conclusions as to the form of the buildings which from time to time existed in connection with the Hall. We are told that the plans have been prepared with the object of recovering, consistently with present requirements, the aspect which the building presented in Richard II.'s time. This is with good reason. Richard II. entirely transformed the "Great Hall of William Rufus," and gave it the aspect which it now in the main possesses, and would have possessed almost in its entirety but for the erection of the Law Courts in 1820-25 by Sir John Soane, who is treated all too kindly with the remark that he "appears to have shown but little regard for the old work."

In the course of the excavations lately carried out, and by reference to old documents, it has been discovered that a wall existed, until demolished by Soane, between each of the great buttresses, containing between it and the Hall a building of two storeys, of both of which old plans have been exhibited. The foundations of this wall are now exposed, while its connections with the buttresses, the form of its original parapet, and even the mouldings of its coping, are quite visible on all the buttresses. Two rows of arches set by Richard II. against the old Norman wall of the Hall, to carry the floor and roof, respectively, of this added building, may be seen in our Illustration published on the 13th inst. Thus the form which Richard II. gave to the building has been determined.

The former existence of a building running along the side of the Hall, within the buttresses, at once explains the reason why flying buttresses were erected instead of the much stronger and simpler form of buttress attached to the wall which we find on all the great banqueting-halls of the mediæval period. Standing out as they do at present, they are meaningless, when we consider that the flying buttress was one of those clever expedients invented and often used by our forefathers to overcome the difficulty of carrying a great thrust across a roofed space, as we see, for instance, over the aisles of Westminster Abbey. In the same manner Richard II. adopted the method at Westminster Hall, and it is interesting to observe, both here and at the Abbey, that the arched portion of the buttress was cut by the aisle roof, so that part of it remained outside and part was seen inside the attached building. The old wall between the buttresses was deeply recessed, the buttresses standing out boldly from it, as our last week's Illustration shows. Thus a massive sense of support was cleverly given to the great roof, the apertures in the battlements allowing the flying arches of the buttresses to be clearly seen. Relying, therefore, upon the weight of evidence, and with a view to giving the flying buttresses their proper meaning, and other features, such as the wall arches, at present meaningless, their allotted work to do, it is proposed "to rebuild the wall between the buttresses in its original position," making it exactly the same height as formerly.

Other reasons, practical and artistic, are given for the re-erection of this building. Mr. Pearson considers it of great importance to the dignity and effect of the whole, and still more strongly urges its importance by his desire to protect from the London atmosphere the Norman wall of Rufus, the destruction of which is assured in a few years if it is to remain unprotected. On this point the report is very urgent.

At the north-west end of the Hall, where now a shed stands for the shelter of horses, the remnants of a building were found, which the architect assigns without doubt to King Henry III. The drawings (from the Gardner collection) which were exhibited of this building as it originally existed, and the manner in which the whole extent of Henry III.'s work is traced out, are not the least interesting part of this latest contribution to the history of our great Hall. On the site thus occupied a building of two storeys projecting westward is proposed, but it is to be in character with Richard II.'s work, as the data are thought insufficient to warrant any attempted reproduction of that of Henry III. The lower floor of this building will form a stand for horses as the shed does now, and we would suggest that the upper floor, as well as the new building along the side of the Hall, be allotted, as they most conveniently and suitably may, to the uses of Grand Committees, and that direct entrances from the Hall be given to each of the rooms. The Great Hall, now merely one of the London sights for strangers, would then once again assume something of its old business-like aspect. Our Illustration to-day shows this projecting building, and also the proposals for doing away with the appearance of poverty which the upper part of the front facing New Palace Yard now presents. The architect here proposes to alter the windows and raise the towers one stage, so as to harmonise Barry's elaborate architecture with the severer work of the Hall. By so doing he hopes "to render them worthy of their position and importance in the group in which they now play so insignificant and discordant a part." That this would effect a great improvement artistically in the whole pile we believe few will deny, but the old battle between sentiment and beauty will have to be waged again and won before it can be decided.

We have thus endeavoured to describe, from a careful comparison and study of the building, the report, and the drawings, more fully and impartially than, we believe, has yet been done, the scheme which the First Commissioner has laid before Parliament.

We are inclined to think the now opprobrious term "Restoration" which has been applied to the scheme neither a judicious nor a correct one, although the architect has himself made use of it. Preservation rather than restoration would better describe it. Mr. Pearson proposes to preserve the old Norman wall intact, to preserve interesting features which have been added in later times by giving them again the work to do for which they were designed. He would preserve the reason for the very existence of the flying buttresses, and above all he would preserve the simple character of the old Hall, and all this by erecting distinctly new buildings; in the exact position, certainly, and embracing whatever is left of the old ones, but which can hardly be called restorations, although, thus interwoven with the old, necessarily designed in that same broad and simple style, which is the chief charm and characteristic of the Great Hall.

We think it fortunate that such an undertaking should be fully considered by a select Committee of the House. In the meantime the Illustrations which we have published, together with our elucidation of them, will, we think, aid those who are interested in the matter to form a clear judgment upon it; but we would recommend in addition a careful study of all the facts which appear in the published Parliamentary Report.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

The comfortable Court Theatre, which can always be depended upon for refined and pleasant entertainment under the present judicious management of M.M. John Clayton and Arthur Cecil, was reopened on Thursday, the Eighteenth instant, with the excellent comedy of "New Men and Old Acres," which was originally produced by the late Mr. Buckstone at the Haymarket, with Miss Madge Robertson (now Mrs. Kendal) as an irresistibly charming heroine. In these levelling days, when the shrewd sons of a frugal Duke take to business for a livelihood or an addition to their pocket-money as naturally as a Scotsman comes to London; when "Something in the City" is done by many a noble Lord with a pardonable weakness for Directors' fees; and when younger sons of patrician families condescend to tread the stage itself to add to their incomes, the leading motive of "New Men and Old Acres" can scarcely be considered quite so strong as it unquestionably was when the piece was first played. The comedy was so well written, however, by the authors, the late Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. W. Dubourg, and abounds in so many touches of humour and of human nature, that its revival is always welcome. All that conscientious art and careful rehearsal could do has been done for "New Men and Old Acres" at the Court. The cast is very good. If Miss Marion Terry is a shade less spontaneously expressive than Miss Ellen Terry was in the same theatre some years ago as that particularly winsome young lady, Miss Lillian Vavasour, there is so much that is bright and intelligent, captivating and natural, in the younger sister's delineation of the part as to contribute greatly to the strength of the piece. Her scenes of banter with Lady Vavasour were highly appreciated, as were the delicately enacted love-passages between Lillian and her merchant lover, Mr. Samuel Brown, who was represented by Mr. John Clayton with that reserve of force for which this cultured artist is remarkable. This quiet and lifelike portrayal of a noble character is well matched by Mr. Arthur Cecil's light and airy and clever impersonation of the gentlemanly but impecunious father of Lillian, Marmaduke Vavasour, of Cleve Abbey. Not less admirable was that accomplished actress, Miss Le Thiere, who has never been seen to greater advantage. Her Lady Matilda Vavasour was a masterpiece of comedy. Mrs. John Wood revelled in the exhibition of the vulgar eccentricities, tempered by vivacity and good nature, of Mrs. Bunter; while the Mr. Benjamin Bunter of Mr. G. W. Anson was a close study from life of a rich and ugly money-grubber. Mr. H. Reeves Smith is sufficiently lively and green as the Bertie Fitz-Urse, whose sentimental lady-love, Miss Fanny Bunter, falls to the lot of Miss L. Fane. The excellent piece of characterization by Mr. E. D. Lyons, whose Berthold Blasenbalg is really capital, should not escape commendation. Mr. Gilbert Trent filled well the part of Secker, the solicitor. With fresh and bright new scenery by Mr. T. W. Hall, "New Men and Old Acres" should draw well at the Court until Mr. Bronson Howard's American play, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is ready for production. Let me add that the entr'actes at the Court are made more than endurable by the singularly able orchestral selection performed under the direction of Mr. Carl Armbruster.

It is Leap Year. I observe that Mrs. Kendal took advantage of her prerogative to deliver a thoughtful and well-reasoned review of the theatres before the learned members of the Social Science Congress at Birmingham on Tuesday. One of the most highly honoured gentlewomen, as well as one of the greatest of stage favourites, Mrs. Kendal was eminently fitted to hold the mirror up to the Playhouses. I trust that they will profit by the reflections.

Cordially sped on their way, Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company on the Eighteenth of September left Liverpool, on board the Allan steamer *Parisian*, for their second American tour. In the meantime, Mr. Wilson Barrett, determined to make hay whilst the stage sun shines, announces the last nights of "Clandian" at the Princess's, and the forthcoming production of *Hamlet* on a scale of elaborate magnificence.

The Gaiety Theatre, directed with signal ability for many years by Mr. John Hollingshead, is now to be managed by a brand-new Gaiety Company, of which Mr. Hollingshead will be, I presume, the guiding spirit. The Gaiety programme will be changed next Monday, when the diverting new farcical comedy of "A Wet Day" and "Little Fra Diavolo" will take the place of that most amusing farce, "The Goose with the Golden Eggs," and the gay burlesque of "Camaralzaman."

"Nita's First," and "Vice Versa" being brimful of humour and good humour, their revival in October by Mr. Harrington Baily at the Opéra Comique should be rewarded with success.

The 300th night of the remarkably popular and interesting Adelphi drama of "In the Ranks," by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt, was celebrated on Wednesday night. Improved by repetition, Mr. Joseph Derrick's farce in three acts, "The Twins," was on Thursday acted for the fiftieth time at the Olympic, Mr. Edward Righton sustaining the dual parts with unflinching drollery. Notice of Mr. Henry A. Jones's new play, "Saints and Sinners," at the Vaudeville, must be perforce postponed till next week. G. A. S.

A new Townhall, which has been erected at a cost of £25,000, was opened at Leamington on the 18th inst., amid great popular rejoicing. A luncheon followed, at which Lord Hertford and Lord Leigh were among the guests.

Mr. J. Cowen, M.P., gave the presidential address at the annual meeting of the Northern Union of Mechanics' Institutes, at Blaydon. He dwelt upon the progress that had been made on Tyneside since the Union was established, in 1848; and said the people, having achieved personal independence, should now strive for intellectual enfranchisement, and learn to think for themselves.

Dr. J. W. Hayward, Liverpool, presiding last week at the annual congress of homoeopathic practitioners, delivered an address on recent pathology in its bearings on scientific therapeutics, and in the course of his remarks said that homoeopathic treatment with infinitesimal doses cut short infectious diseases dependent on living germs, and supported this statement by statistics with regard to cholera, yellow fever, and typhus. Papers were read on the *materia medica* of the future.

The twentieth detailed annual report of the Registrar-General of the marriages, births, and deaths in Ireland for 1883 has been issued as a Bluebook. From this it appears that the marriages registered during the year numbered 21,368, the births 118,163, and the deaths 96,228. Both absolutely and in proportion to the estimated population the marriages and births are under the annual average for the preceding ten years; the mortality is somewhat in excess of the average. The recorded natural increase of population, or the excess of births over deaths, was 21,935, the loss by emigration amounting to 108,724. There would thus appear to have been a decrease of 86,789 in the population during the year. The estimated population in the middle of the year was 5,015,282.

MUSIC.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre are still maintaining their interest and attractiveness. Last week's classical night introduced a talented young pianist—Signorina Gemma Luziani—who has gained the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire. Of this distinction she proved herself worthy by her artistic performance of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, and unaccompanied solo pieces by Chopin and Rubinstein. The genuine impression made by this young lady will doubtless lead to a prosperous career. Saturday evening was a grand military night, in commemoration of the Battle of the Alma. The programme included—as usual on such occasions—Julien's popular "British Army Quadrille," with full orchestra and military bands, other features of the concert having been more or less of a martial character, and equally devoid of novelty. Mr. Carrodus's highly skilful execution of Paganini's difficult *Fantasia* on "The Carnival of Venice" was a specialty of the evening. The vocalists were Madame Enriquez, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Novara—Mr. W. Joyce having delivered a recitation of Tennyson's lines, "The Charge of the Light Brigade." The so-called "Promenade" portion of the theatre was densely crowded. Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Welsh" symphony will be performed—under his direction—at next Wednesday's concert.

The Eisteddfod held at Liverpool last week included the production of a new sacred Cantata, "Nebuchadnezzar," composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Parry. The solo vocalists were Miss Mary Davies, Mr. B. Davies, and Mr. Dyfed Llwy; the choruses having been rendered by the Liverpool Cambrian Society. The work was well received. As it will probably be heard in London, we must await that opportunity to speak of its merits. Other oratorio performances were given with great efficiency; Sir G. A. Macfarren having expressed himself in terms of high commendation. There were the usual competitions for prizes for vocal and instrumental performances, and musical and literary composition.

Her Majesty's Theatre is to be opened, about the last week of October, for a series of twenty-four performances of Italian opera, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Hayes, who is now in treaty for the engagement of vocalists and a conductor of acknowledged eminence. The prices are such as should ensure success—orchestra stalls at half a guinea, pit admissions at half a crown; and the terms otherwise exceptionally low for Italian opera.

The twenty-ninth season of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace will begin on Oct. 18. During the series, many features of strong interest will be presented. The bicentenary birthdays of Bach and Handel, and the anniversary of the birth of Brahms, will be celebrated; the last occasion probably bringing forward his fourth symphony, which is now in course of composition. "Berlioz's 'Te Deum'"—for three choirs, orchestra, and organ, will be produced, for the first time in this country, and other specialties are contemplated. Eminent solo vocalists and instrumentalists are engaged, and there is prospect of an interesting season.

The ammoniaphone is an ingenious instrument, invented by Dr. Carter Moffat, for artificial voice cultivation. By close observation and careful analysis of the purest air of Italy, Dr. Moffat has succeeded in obtaining a chemical combination of the constituents thereof, many years having been bestowed by him in the realisation of his purpose. This seems now to have been effectually done so as to place within easy reach a means of improving the quality and the sustaining power of the vocal organs, whether used in singing or public speaking; besides affording relief in chest complaints. The process is a very simple one, consisting merely of a few inhalations from a metal tube, inside which is some absorbent material saturated with the chemical liquor. The invention has been secured by the Medical Battery Company, Regent-street.

THE CHURCH.

The first ordination by the Bishop of Ripon was held on Sunday.

The Bishop of Southwell recently consecrated a new church at Matlock, Bath.

The Bishop of Durham presided last week at the opening of a High School for boys, in connection with the Church Schools Company (Limited), in Park-terrace, Sunderland.

The Bishop of Salisbury has announced officially that he will not himself transact further diocesan business, Bishop Kelly being appointed his commissary. This is regarded as leading up to Dr. Moberley's impending retirement.

The Bishop of Chester, at the diocesan conference to be held on Oct. 22 and 23, will be presented with a congratulatory address by the clergy and lay delegates, as that occasion will be the first of their meeting in conference.

The Bishop of Ripon has appointed the Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton, Master of Selwyn College, Cambridge, to be his examining chaplain; and the Rev. Dr. Gott, Vicar of Leeds, and the Rev. Arthur T. Waugh, to be his chaplains.

The Bishop of Manchester has conferred the honorary canonry in his cathedral, vacant by the death of Canon McGrath, on the Rev. James Augustus Atkinson, M.A., Rector of Longsight and Rural Dean of Ardwick.

An anonymous donor has cleared off the remaining debt on St. Peter's Church, Harrogate, amounting to several thousand pounds, and a friend of the Vicar has presented a new west window of stained glass for the church.

Sir Richard Cross, M.P., opening a new church school at Pemberton, near Wigan, congratulated the township on having by voluntary effort met the educational wants of the district, and thus prevented the formation of a School Board.

Mrs. Fraser recently laid the stone of a new church at Stonefield, near Hurslingden, the cost of which is being defrayed by Miss Carter. The Bishop of Manchester said that 220 new churches had been consecrated in the diocese since the formation of the See of Manchester thirty-six years ago.

The Rev. George Cuthbert, Vicar of Drayton-in-Hales, near Market Drayton, has been nominated Sub-Warder of Clewer House of Mercy, near Windsor, in succession to the Rev. W. Hutchings, who has been appointed to the valuable living of Kirby Misperton, Yorks.

Some correspondence has taken place between the new Bishop of Chester (Dr. Stubbs) and the Dean (Dr. Howson) on the subject of the introduction by the former of the eastward position during the Prayer of Consecration, a position not adopted by the late Dr. Jacobson, or by any Bishop or Dean of Chester since 1662.

St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, has received a handsome present from the Bishop of Rangoon (the Rev. Dr. Strachan), who was the first Fellow of that College to receive a bishopric. It is a massive silver bowl, weighing eighty-seven ounces, which took the first prize for Burmese workmanship in silver at the Calcutta Exhibition.

The Bishop of Lichfield has made arrangements to hold a most complete visitation of his diocese, extending till the

commencement of 1886. He proposes to visit every church, parsonage, and school, and examine the children where practicable in the Apostle's Creed, and as far as possible hold confirmations during the visitation in accordance with the ancient practice.

A massive marble memorial of the late Admiral Sir Richard Collinson, K.C.B., Deputy Master of the Trinity House, has been erected by Mr. E. J. Physick, sculptor, over the family vault in Perivale churchyard, near Ealing, from a design specially prepared by Mr. Physick, in which the services of the deceased in China and in the Arctic regions are effectively introduced.

Speaking on Tuesday at a church reopening at Duston, near Northampton, the Bishop of Peterborough said churches are not architectural museums, merely designed for the recreation and instruction of persons of an archaeological turn of mind, but places designed for worship and the comfort of those who attend them, and whatever interferes with these objects should be removed.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"On Sunday, the 14th inst., the first religious service was performed in the new English church in Moscow, by the chaplain, the Rev. H. Bernard. The building is not yet consecrated, no Bishop having sufficient leisure for the journey to Russia, but it is intended that the ceremony shall be performed at the first opportunity."

At Cambridge, on Sunday afternoon, a church parade was held of the benefit societies of the town and district. About 400 members assembled on Parker's Piece, and, headed by a band, went through the town to Christ Church, where a special service was held and a sermon was preached by the Rev. Delme Radcliffe. The collection was in aid of the Hunstanton Convalescent Home and the Cambridge Victoria Asylum.

An amateur concert was given in the Townhall, Great Grimsby, last week, by Lady Eleanor Heneage, in aid of the fund for the restoration of St. James's, Grimsby. The Countess of Yarborough and other ladies played the piano; Lady Adela Larking, Lady Eleanor Heneage, Miss Barker, and the Rev. Robert Crocroft played violins; and the vocalists included Miss Bailey, Miss Hare, and Mr. Coward.

A fund for the augmentation of poor benefices in the diocese of St. David was started at Carmarthen last week. The Bishop said there were seventy-five livings under £100 a year, and forty-nine under £200. Canon Williams observed that an annual endowment of £18,000 was needed. Donations and subscriptions to the amount of over £1000, including £600 from the Bishop, were promised from the Carmarthen Archdeaconry alone.

A choral festival in commemoration of the reopening of Tewkesbury Abbey took place on Tuesday, in the presence of a large congregation. The chorus numbered nearly 600 voices, and included choirs from most of the towns and villages in the neighbourhood. A new anthem, "One thing have I desired of the Lord," composed for the occasion by the Rev. Sir F. Onseley, was sung. Canon Knox Little preached the sermon, in which he urged that all should assist to raise the £3000 still required to complete the restoration of the church, which was a national possession. The offertory produced £55.

The four-light east window of Akeley church, near Buckingham, has been filled with Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co. It represents the Birth of Christ, His Baptism, the Angel at the Tomb, and the Supper at Emmaus.—Besides the placing a memorial window in St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, to the late Rev. G. L. B. Wildig, as recorded in a previous issue, a brass in memory of him has been placed in the chancel of St. John's Church, Horton-lane, Bradford, by a few of his old friends. Mr. Wildig was Vicar of St. John's parish from 1878 to 1881.

Acting for the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Bedford has collated the Rev. Joseph Kahn to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Upper Holloway; has instituted the Rev. Charles J. Ridgeway to the vicarage of Christ Church, Paddington; has licensed the Rev. Matthew Sweetnam to the perpetual curacy of St. Mark's, Victoria Park; and also the following to the undermentioned curacies:—The Rev. William G. Beaumont, to All Saints', South Acton; the Rev. John A. Bells, to All Saints', Notting-hill; the Rev. Arthur M. Dale, to Chiswick; the Rev. Douglas P. R. Nunn, to St. Augustine's, Haggerstone; and the Rev. Wilfrid R. Ogle, to St. Mark's, North Audley-street.

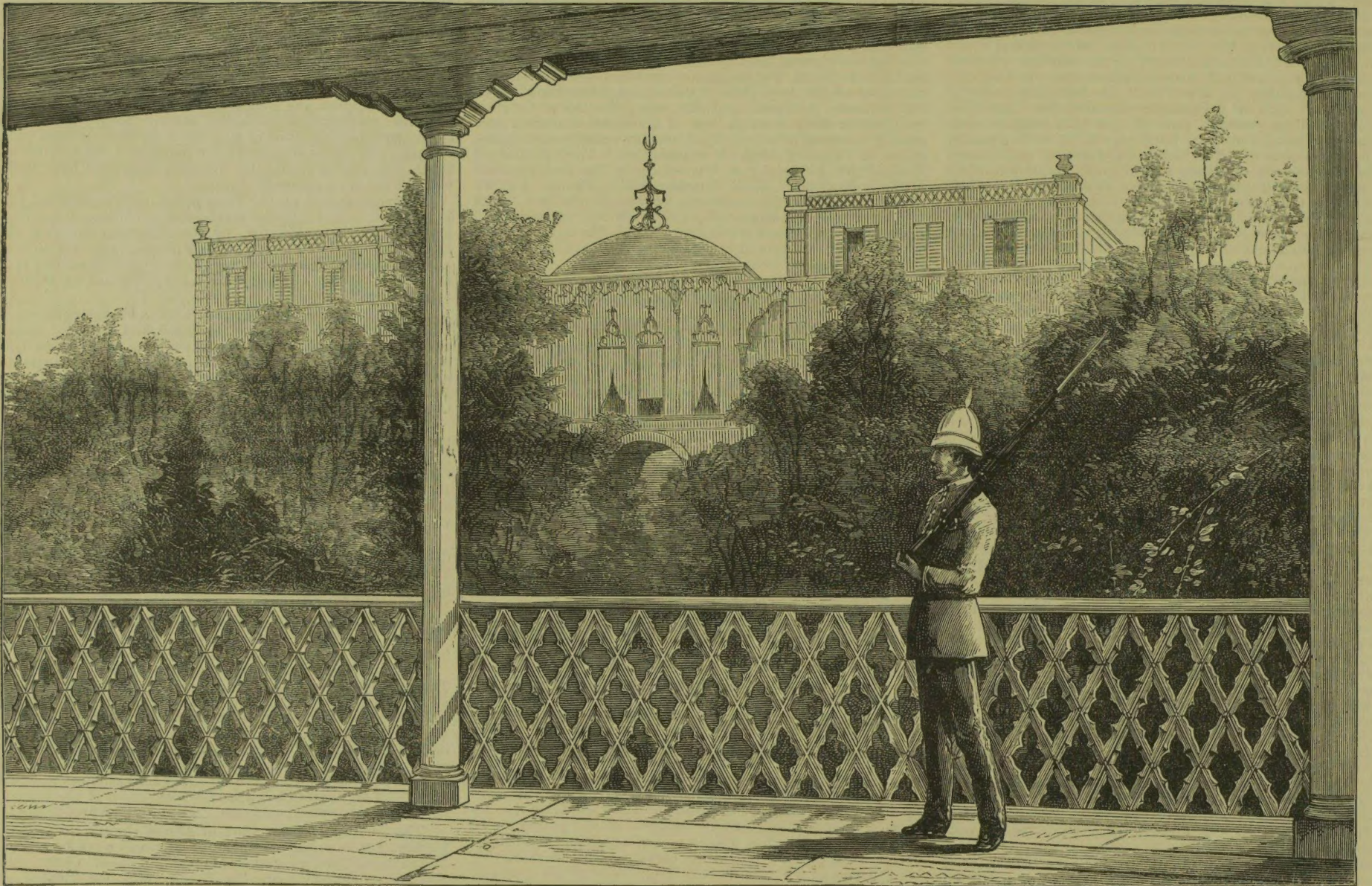
The Bishop of Manchester, in consecrating a new cemetery, spoke in strong approval of the Burials Act. He said he rejoiced that recent legislation had removed in relation to burials what had at times caused unfriendly feelings between Church people and members of other communities. The Burials Act, which was looked forward to by many Churchmen with so much dread and apprehension, had proved itself not only perfectly harmless to the true interests of the Church, but had helped to combine in one sentiment of citizenship in the kingdom of God those who, owing to circumstances of birth, tradition, or momentary irritation, had become members of different communities.

A sermon was preached in St. Barnabas Church, Kensington, on Sunday morning, by the Rev. G. R. Thornton, the Vicar, in aid of the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton. At the close of an excellent discourse, the preacher said that the form their brotherly love would take that day was the relief of some of the many sufferers from consumption, some of the 15,000 in London alone, whose lives were wasting away with this terrible disease. He wished that more could come under the influence of the Brompton Hospital, which used to have its 210 beds for in-patients, but had now added another 137 beds, besides the blessed work it was doing among the out-patients, whose numbers had reached to upwards of 300,000 since the commencement of this great work. It behoved them to do their best to assist in meeting the additional £10,000 a year which was now required.

Next Monday the evening classes for males and females conducted by the School Board for London in nearly every district of the metropolis will be reopened. The fees, as usual, will be merely nominal, whilst the subjects taught will embrace almost every branch of education.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain C. Omnes, of the French brigantine *St. Léon*, of St. Malo, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the barque *Olanio*, of Liverpool, whom he received on board his vessel on July 1 last, off Staten Island, South America, near which the *Olanio* was wrecked, and conveyed them to Valparaiso.

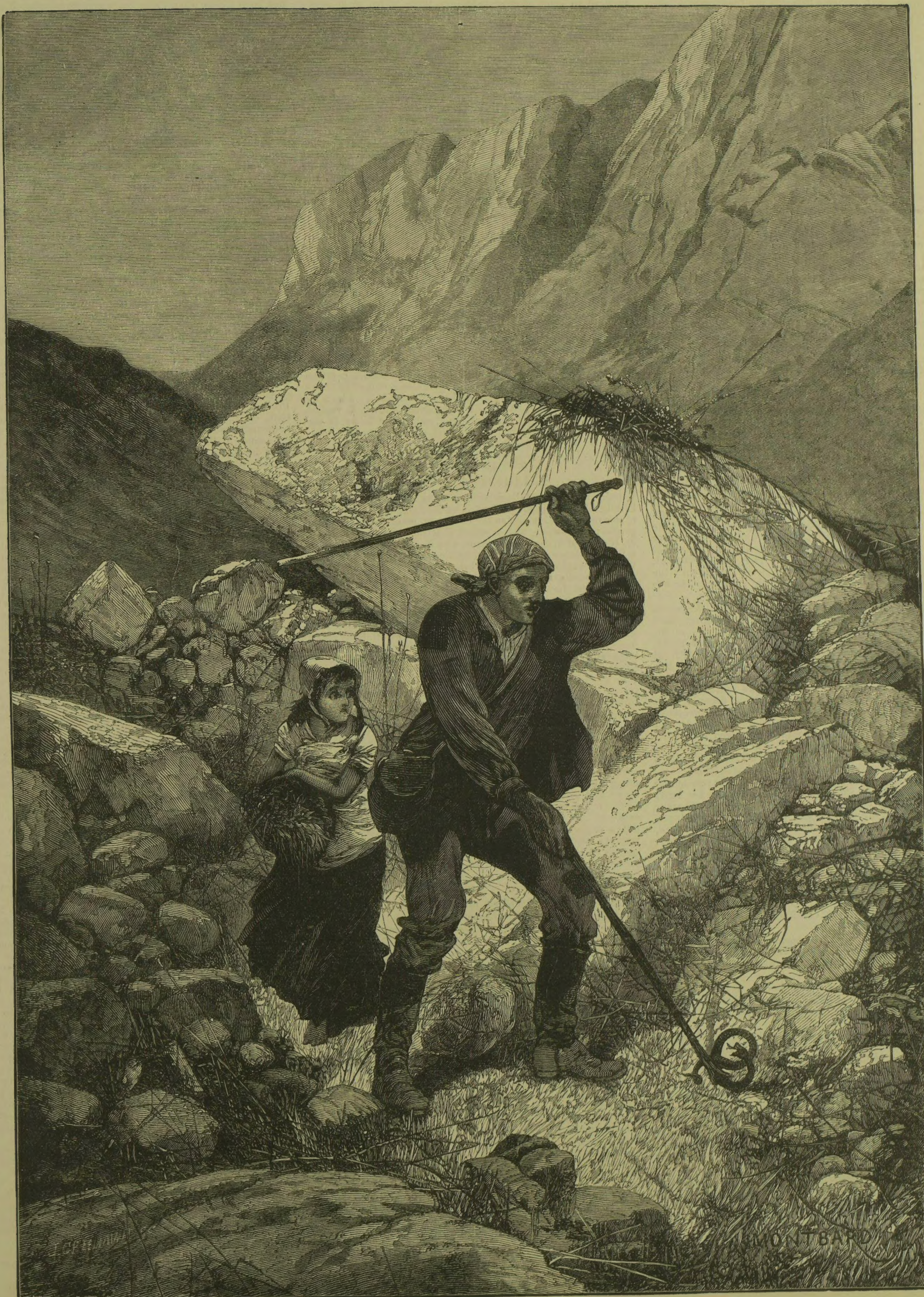
Mr. H. Labouchere, M.P., whose efforts in the cause of providing toys for children lying in the various hospitals are well known, recently received from a lady who wishes to remain unrecognised a cheque for £100, to be laid out in some way conducive to the pleasure of the poor next Christmas. In fulfilment of the commission fifteen large musical boxes, each fitted with visible castanets, bells, and drum, and playing ten popular airs, have been bought, and will in due time be sent to a similar number of workhouses in and near the metropolis.



THE PALACE OF KASR-EL-NOUSSA, THE RESIDENCE OF LORD WOLSELEY IN CAIRO.



WAITING THE DEPARTURE OF THE TRAIN FOR ASSIOUT, AT THE BOULAK-EL-DAKRUR RAILWAY STATION, CAIRO.



KILLING VIPERS IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE COURT.

The Queen enjoys excellent health. Yesterday week her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, and Princess Irene of Hesse, visited the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, going and returning by way of Braemar, where a large and enthusiastic crowd was waiting for the Royal party to pass. Sir Edward Malet, K.C.B., arrived at Balmoral Castle, and kissed hands on appointment as her Majesty's Ambassador at Berlin, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family in the evening. Last Saturday afternoon her Majesty drove, with Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Albany, and Princess Irene of Hesse, to the Danzig Shiel, where Princess Christian and the Grand Duke of Hesse joined them. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor, dined with the Queen, and his Excellency Sir Edward Malet and the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod had the honour of being invited. Divine service was conducted on Sunday morning at the castle by the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., in the presence of the Queen and the Royal family and Royal household. The Abergeldie pew in Crathie parish church was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and Princess Louise of Wales, and most of the ladies and gentlemen of the Royal household. The weather was gloomy, with drizzling rain. The Queen has presented her godchild, Victoria Alexandrina Carpenter, who was baptised in Ripon Cathedral on the day of the Bishop's enthronement, with a handsome gold pendant, set in pearls and a large diamond, with "Victoria" engraved on the back.

The Prince of Wales, who is the guest of the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, went out deerstalking on Tuesday in Mar Forest, in that division of it which stretches northwards beyond the Linn of Dee towards Ben Macdhui, where the Prince was successful in the opening stalk of the day, and killed one splendid stag. The weather was cold, but dry and hard, and a slight powdering of snow coated the crests of the Ben Macdhui range. Madame Albani sang before the Prince and party at Mar Lodge in the evening. The noble host entertained the following party to dinner—The Prince of Wales, the Countess of Lonsdale, Lord Langford, Lady Mandeville, Lady Cland Hamilton, Lord Colville of Culross, Mr. F. Knollys, Captain Wynne Finch, Colonel Teesdale, Mr. Horace Farquhar, Count Herbert Bismarck, and Mr. Charles Hall, Q.C., Attorney-General to the Duchy of Cornwall.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Viscount Feilding and the Hon. Cecilia Clifford, sister of Lord Clifford, took place in the family chapel at Ugbrook Park, Devon, on Wednesday morning. The wedding procession walked from the house to the chapel, a company of the Royal Horse Artillery forming a guard of honour. The bride's uncle, the Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop Clifford, assisted by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, officiated at the ceremony, which was followed by the nuptial mass. Rev. L. Reckie was master of the ceremonies. The bride, who was given away by her brother, wore a magnificent dress of white satin, with a long train embroidered with pearls, and a tulle veil, which completely enveloped her, with the customary wreath of orange-blossoms. Her ornaments were diamonds and pearls. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Emma Clifford, sister to the bride, and Miss Emily Clifford, her cousin; the Ladies Clare, Winifride, Agnes, and Emily Fielding, sisters to the bridegroom; and Miss Maud Berkeley, his cousin.

The marriage of Mr. Shirley, of Ettington Park, Warwickshire, and Lough Fea, county Monaghan, with Emily, elder daughter of Colonel and the late Hon. Mrs. Macdonald, of St. Martin's Abbey, Perthshire, took place on Tuesday at St. Michael's Church, Chester-square. The Hon. Robert O'Neill was the bridegroom's best man; and the two bridesmaids were Miss Alice Macdonald and Miss Katherine Shirley, sisters of the bride and bridegroom. The bride, who was conducted to the chancel by her father, wore a dress of ivory *velours frisé* and satin, draped with Irish lace, a wreath of orange-blossoms, and tulle veil. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin and lace, with bonnets composed of shaded pansies and purple velvet. Master Hugh Chafy, nephew of the bridegroom, acted as page. He wore a costume of black velvet, with a large and beautiful Irish point-lace collar.

Mr. Henry Wickham (Scots Guards), youngest son of the late Mr. Lamplugh W. Wickham, was married to the Lady Ethelreda Caroline Gordon, youngest daughter of Charles, tenth Marquis of Huntly, in the parish church of Orton Longueville, Huntingdonshire, last week. Major Wickham, Royal Horse Guards, attended as best man to his brother. The bride was attended by only two bridesmaids—Miss Wickham, sister of the bridegroom, and the Lady Elena Gordon, sister of the bride. The bride-cake was supplied by Messrs. Buszard, of Oxford-street.

Mr. Elliott Charles Bovill, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Cyprus, has been knighted.

Mr. W. Morris, speaking at the opening of an art exhibition in Manchester last Saturday, deplored the division of the people into rich and poor, and said he wished to see all class distinctions swept away.

The Cunard liner *Etruria* was launched last Saturday morning from the yard of Messrs. John Elder and Co., of Glasgow. The ceremony of naming was performed by the Duchess of Manchester.

The Duke of Westminster has contributed £4000, and a further donation of £100, towards the Chester museum and schools of science and art shortly to be commenced in the Grosvenor-road.

Messrs. Rothschild and Sons have sent the Lord Mayor £100, and Mr. John Orrell and Mr. J. W. Wagner have each contributed a similar sum, towards the Mansion House fund for the relief of the sufferers by the cholera in Naples.

Among the improvements being made by the Duke of Bedford at Covent-garden is a very considerable enlargement of the wholesale flower market, in order to afford greater facilities for the increasing trade in flowers.

Thomas Orrock was found guilty at the Central Criminal Court last Saturday of the murder of Constable Cole at Dalston in December, 1882, while endeavouring to arrest the prisoner, who was about to break into a Methodist chapel. Mr. Justice Hawkins sentenced him to be hanged.

An important resolution was come to yesterday week by the Manchester Ship Canal engineers. They agreed to recommend the adoption of the alternative scheme, by which the canal would be carried along the Cheshire shore debouching in deep water, and thus avoiding the threatened interference with the navigation.

Captain Jones, of the Dundee steamer *Loch Garry*, which brought the survivors of the Greely Expedition from Disco to St. John's, was on Monday presented with a valuable piece of silver plate and a purse of sovereigns by the shareholders of the Dundee Loch Line Steam-Ship Company, in recognition of his services in safely navigating the *Loch Garry* in the Arctic Ocean, and being the means of bringing home Lieutenant Greely and his party.

THE RECESS.

There is a break in the dull monotony of the political sky at last. The point of difference between the Lords and Commons is so slight—both averring agreement with the granting of the County Franchise, and avowing a desire to proceed with a Red-tribution Bill—that it will say little for the wisdom of the rival Party leaders if some basis of reconciliation is not arrived at before the reassembling of Parliament in October. The Prime Minister, on his part, hoped for the best on Saturday last. Mr. Gladstone clearly looked forward to some such satisfactory issue when, in acknowledging the address of welcome presented by Provost Reid at Forfar, he expressed his "firm conviction that the influence on the mind of Parliament would be such that, without force, without menace, without intimidation—he almost hoped without further controversy—the immediate extension of the franchise to two millions of our fellow-subjects who desired and deserved it would be carried into effect."

Whilst the large Scottish gatherings have abated not a jot of the enthusiasm with which Mr. Gladstone was welcomed on his arrival in Midlothian—whilst it should be recorded as a significant sign of the times that the popular demonstrations in Edinburgh and Aberdeen in honour of the Premier were equalled in sustained heartiness by the greetings offered to the right hon. gentleman on Saturday last at Bridge of Dun, Forfar, when Mr. Gladstone was proceeding from the Earl of Dalhousie's castle to Glamis Castle—we should also mention that Sir Stafford Northcote received warmly cordial ovations from the Conservative Associations at Edinburgh, Berwick, and Newcastle-on-Tyne on Monday last. The right hon. Baronet, addressing large meetings on Tuesday in St. George's Hall and in the circus at Newcastle-on-Tyne, clearly repeated the objections entertained by the leaders of the Conservative Party to the introduction of the Franchise Bill, unaccompanied by the Red-tribution Bill, and made a point when he cited Mr. Fawcett's recent awkward admission that the consideration of both measures in one Session would, in his opinion, have been the better course to have adopted had not the Government decided to act otherwise. Mr. Fawcett plainly wants to be invited to join the Cabinet.

The Marquis of Salisbury, returned from his sojourn at Dieppe, opens fire upon the Government at Glasgow next week. Mr. W. H. Smith landed from his yachting cruise round the United Kingdom to find the Service clubs full of the seasonable discussion on the condition of our Navy raised by the *Tall Mall Gazette*. With sailor-like dash, Mr. Smith rushed into the fray, and in a seasonable and outspoken letter in the *Telegraph* of Tuesday suggested that a Parliamentary Committee should be appointed to inquire into "The Truth About the Navy."

KILLING A VIPER.

Popular opinion is tolerably unanimous that vipers ought to be killed; for there is no British or European snake which is so decidedly condemned as the enemy of mankind. Even the gentle poet Cowper, who testified that he would not number on his list of friends any person who heedlessly set foot upon a worm, relates with mild exultation, both in prose and in verse, his exploit of "the Colubriad," and how he dealt with the dangerous reptile that had frightened the three kittens and puzzled the elder cat.

With outstretched hoe, I slew him at the door,
And taught him, "Never to come there no more."

It is true that the viper does not voluntarily, of pure malice or Satanic suggestion, attack human beings; but if it be accidentally trodden upon, or sat upon, it will turn and bite. Its head is furnished with a large gland at each side, which produces a yellowish oily substance conveyed by ducts to the base of two sharp fangs in the upper jaw; these fangs are set in a groove, apart from the ordinary teeth, and can be raised or depressed by voluntary muscular action when the viper draws back its head and opens its mouth to strike a deadly blow. The effect of the venom is much dreaded, but has seldom proved mortal to healthy adult persons, and is not to be compared to that of the rattlesnake or the cobra. The viper, in England, may always be distinguished from every other snake, by having a zigzag chain of black marks running along the spine, while the general colour of its body may vary; and by having a large black mark, in the shape of a V, on the top of its head, which is short and broad. The common snake of this country, which grows to a much larger size, and differs materially from the viper, is perfectly harmless. These remarks are probably not less correct in reference to the same species of reptiles in France; and our Artist's drawing of a scene in the Forest of Fontainebleau requires no further comment upon the subject.

The Earl and Countess of Dufferin and Lady Helen Blackwood have arrived in England.

The Mayor of Lichfield has issued an address to his fellow-citizens in favour of commemorating the forthcoming centenary of Dr. Johnson, and asks that all replies and offers of assistance may be forwarded to him before Oct. 1.

Lord Penrhyn and Mr. W. Rathbone, M.P., have each given one hundred pounds towards the memorial to the late Dean of Bangor, which is to take the form of a Welsh Scholarship at the University College for North Wales.

The London Society for the Extension of University Teaching has just issued its prospectus of lectures and classes for the ensuing term. The society has arranged for about twenty centres in the metropolis.

On Wednesday, with elaborate ceremonial, the Deputy Master and Elder Brethren of Trinity House formally handed over to the town of Plymouth, the Eddystone Lighthouse, which for 150 years stood on a solitary rock thirteen miles from land, and has now been re-erected on Plymouth Hoe. In the evening there was a banquet, at which the Trinity Brethren, the Earl of Morley, several members of Parliament, the Mayors of adjacent towns, and a host of naval and military and municipal celebrities attended. The Mayor gave a *conversazione* in the Great Guildhall. The re-erection of the lighthouse has cost about £2000, and it forms a prominent object of interest for many miles around, a magnificent view being obtained from the summit.

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Office: 108, Strand, W.C.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The twenty-eighth annual congress of the Social Science Association opened on Wednesday, the 17th inst., as was mentioned in our last Issue, in Birmingham. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., President for the year, delivered the presidential address to a large audience in the theatre of the Midland Institute. He reviewed the legislative action of the past twenty-eight years upon social questions, and, in conclusion, remarked that there had been during the last two years a distinct revival of public interest in social questions. He thought also that there never had been a time when there was a greater number of economic questions of the highest importance as affecting the trade, the condition of the people, and the future of this country, which required discussion and elucidation, with a view to the formation of a sound public opinion.

On Thursday the opening address for the day was given by Dr. Westlake, Q.C., president of the Jurisprudence Department. The principal subjects discussed in the departments were the enfranchisement of leaseholders, the teaching of drawing, local government, and repression of crime.

Mr. Oscar Browning, president of the Education Section, opened the session yesterday week by an address upon a national system of secondary education. He also advocated a technical education such as had been found very beneficial on the Continent. Among the subjects discussed in the sections were:—The pupil-teacher system, land registration, schools of discipline for juvenile criminals, the Limited Liability Acts, and how best to improve the dwellings of the poor.

The proceedings last Saturday opened with an address by Mr. Beresford-Hope on the strength and weakness of Art. Among the other subjects which occupied the attention of the sections were the better preservation of open spaces, prison reform in Ireland, hospital ships, the future of some London hospitals, and railway rates in the Midland counties. There was only one excursion—a small one—to Coventry.

An address on Economy and Trade was given on Monday morning in the Midland Institute, by Viscount Lymington, M.P., president of the Economy and Trade Department. Discussing the question of State Socialism and the interference of Parliament with individual liberty, he held that there were distinct limits beyond which the action of the State was neither beneficial nor wise. It could not, he contended, directly adjudicate as to the business arrangement of work and property. A discussion took place on the social condition of the working classes. Professor Leone Levi read a paper, in which he held that, on the whole, the working classes might be said to be better educated, stronger in physique, with more time at their command, in the enjoyment of greater political rights, in a more healthful relation towards their employers, receiving higher wages, and better able to effect some savings in 1884 than they were in 1857.—There was a large attendance in the Department of Art, under the presidency of Mr. Neale Solly. Mr. Walter Besant read a paper showing how a love and appreciation of art could be developed among the masses of the people. He based his remarks chiefly upon the experience of the east end of London, where, he declared, the Bethnal-green Museum, the institution intended to be a great educational centre, had done none of the things for which it was established. It was simply a dumb and silent gallery. There was no teaching, but still it attracted a great many visitors on free days. Mr. Thomas Powell, of the London Trades Council, read a paper on the Sunday Opening of Museums and Galleries, and a resolution in favour of their opening was carried.—In the Education Department, the powers of the Charity Commissioners over the endowed schools were discussed, Mr. Rowland Hamilton introducing the subject in a sketch of the history of previous legislation. Much interest was taken in the account given by the Rev. Dr. Crosskey of a new kind of Board School opened in Birmingham through the generosity of Mr. George Dixon, who has built the premises at a cost of £2000, and placed them, rent free, at the disposal of the Birmingham School Board.—The abolition of private lunatic asylums was, in the International Municipal Law Section of the Jurisprudence Department, recommended by both writers of the special papers on the question of lunacy law reform.—Among the other subjects brought before the congress were Commander Cameron's successful enterprise in the foundation of the Commercial Geographical Society; the value of the services of lady poor-law guardians, attested in a paper by Miss C. Biggs; infant mortality; the Girls' Friendly Society; open spaces; pollution of rivers; and the eyesight of school children.—A working men's meeting was held in the Midland Institute in the evening, under the presidency of the Mayor. There was a large attendance. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., gave an address on the objects and aims of social science.

The final meetings of the various departments were held on Tuesday, and the last of the presidential addresses was given by Dr. Norman Chevers, C.I.E., president of the Health Department. He strongly blamed the drainage system of London as the cause of much disease, and said the death-rate among children in the metropolis might be reduced one half.—Most interest centred in a paper read by Mrs. Kendal on the drama. She held that in many respects the modern stage had improved, while in others it had deteriorated. The style of the plays was included in the latter category.—Miss Davenport Hill read a paper on the Laws for Enforcing School Attendance as carried into effect under the London School Board, together with certain remedies recommended in the Report of the Royal Commission on Reformatory and Industrial Schools.—Mr. Oscar Browning presided over the Education Department, where the discussion on the papers read turned principally on the value of classical education as a mental training. A paper by Professor Sonnenschein gave rise to a discussion upon the proper pronunciation of the Greek language.—A *conversazione* was given by the reception committee at the council house in the evening, at which there was a large attendance of members of the association and visitors.

The concluding general meeting of the members and associates was held in the theatre of the Midland Institute on Wednesday morning, under the presidency of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. The council reported that the attendance in the departments had been good, and the business of all the departments had been well conducted, and the discussions well regulated and of practical interest. The total number of tickets issued was 673. The usual reports by secretaries of departments were read.

The members of the Iron and Steel Institute have held their annual meeting this week at Chester.

The Mayor of Sunderland (Mr. J. W. Wayman) has notified his intention to depart from the usual custom of giving the annual mayoral banquet, and has given 100 guineas for the relief of the distress prevailing in the town.

The Lord Mayor presided yesterday week at the inaugural meeting of the Educational Session of the Young Men's Christian Association. His Lordship, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the association upon the progress it was making, and expressed his high sense of the value of the work which the educational classes were doing.



SOUTH AFRICAN WARFARE.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Sept. 23.

What is the meaning of the prolonged inactivity of the French squadron in the Chinese seas? Has Admiral Courbet refused to act until the Government has precisely defined the situation, and frankly declared whether France is at war with China or not? Are further reinforcements to be sent to the fleet and to General Brière de l'Isle, who is threatened once more with an invasion of Pavillons Noirs? How does the Government intend to meet the deficit of two hundred millions in the Budget? Is there to be a new loan of a milliard this winter? These and other questions of high import are, it is believed, to occupy the attention of the Cabinet Council which has been postponed from to-day until Saturday. The date of the meeting of the Chambers is also to be fixed, and some resolutions are to be taken relative to the formation of a colonial army, for in presence of the development of the colonial enterprises of France and the consequent drain on the regular army, the Government, it is maintained, must take some measures, under penalty of compromising the system of the defence of the home territory. It is probable that a bill for the formation of a colonial army will be presented at the opening of Parliament, and discussed immediately; for, without a special army, colonial extension and a colonial policy are impossible. M. Ferry's position, in these circumstances, is not of the surest; for colonisation is not a subject which deeply interests the stay-at-home Frenchman, and it might be found that the majority are of the opinion of M. Clémenceau—namely, that French colonisation simply amounts to mounting guard and doing police duty for the benefit of the commerce of other nations, a game which is hardly worth the candle.

It may interest invalids and others who are in the habit of flying southwards with the swallows to know something about the sanitary state of the Riviera. A document, published in the French journals, dated Nice, Sept. 16, and signed by the Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the different Powers resident at Nice, Menton, and Cannes, states that Nice and the neighbouring winter stations have been free from cholera, and that the public health there is excellent; that the quarantine, established as a preventive measure at the western limit of the territory of Nice, has been suppressed since Sept. 6, and that travellers may now enter the town without any formality or impediment; and that the winter visitors may, as usual, come with perfect security to take up their quarters all along the Mediterranean littoral between Hyères and San Remo.

The sporting world of Paris is agitated by a great scandal. At the races at Maisons-Laffitte last Wednesday the jockey Andrews was run down and thrown by two other jockeys within a few yards of the winning-post. Andrews had his shoulder broken, and was otherwise seriously wounded. The general belief is that there was foul play; and Andrews himself is represented by different journals as having made contradictory declarations, and the journalists are accusing each other of lying, the end of which accusations will be a duel or two. Meanwhile, the incident has called attention to the scandalous swindling and trickery practised on the suburban race-courses of Paris, and a strong campaign has been begun in the press with a view to obtaining the suppression of these open-air gambling hells, where a fair race is an unknown phenomenon, and where owners, jockeys, and bookmakers are all in league to swindle and rob.

According to all reports, the wine crop this year will be extraordinary, both in quality and quantity. As in 1858, the excessive heat of the summer will advance the vintage by at least a fortnight, and both red and white wines will be excellent and abundant.—Since the outbreak of the cholera at Toulon at the end of June up to Sept. 15, the total number of deaths from the malady in the whole of France amounted to 5000.—Four pictures bequeathed by M. Cottier have just been hung in the Louvre. They are "The Battle of the Cimbrians" and "The Walls of Rome," by Decamps; "Tigers," by Eugène Delacroix; "Hamlet and the Grave Digger," by the same.

T. C.

Floods have occurred in the eastern provinces of Spain, and great damage has been done to the crops and other property. There has been, however, but little loss of life.

The virulence of the cholera epidemic continues to abate in Naples, as well as in other parts of Italy.

In the Second Chamber of the Netherlands on the 19th inst. the Minister of Finance presented the Budget for the next financial year. The expenditure is estimated at 136,000,000 florins, and the receipts at 121,000,000 florins. The deficit of 15,000,000 florins includes the loss by the eventual demoralisation of silver. The deficit in the ordinary Budget amounts only to 3,500,000 florins, which it is proposed to cover by increasing various taxes and by effecting considerable economies in the ordinary administration. The Minister announced the introduction of a bill for the imposition of a tax on tobacco and for modifying the stamp duties.

The Emperor William arrived last week at Castle Benrath, near Düsseldorf, the Imperial head-quarters during the manoeuvres. On the 18th inst. his Majesty attended a banquet given in his honour by the Rhenish Provincial States; and on the 19th the German Emperor held a grand parade of the 7th Army Corps. His Majesty was on horseback during the whole of the review, which lasted for two hours. The Imperial manoeuvres were concluded on Tuesday by the operation of the 8th (Rhine) Corps against a skeleton enemy.—An Imperial decree fixes the new elections to the Reichstag for the 28th proximo.

The Arlberg Railway was opened on Saturday by the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty met with an enthusiastic reception at the different stations on the line. Three passenger-trains went through the tunnel, the Emperor and a number of high officials travelling by the first. The new line has been constructed to place Austria and France in direct communication through Switzerland, to emancipate to some extent Austrian commerce with France from the high tariff of the German railways.—The Emperor Francis Joseph arrived on Monday afternoon from Arlberg at Hütteldorf Junction, near Vienna, whence he proceeded to Gödöllő, the Imperial Château, near Pesth, in preparation for the opening of the Hungarian Parliament.

The Danish Rigsdag has been convoked for the 6th proximo.

The Emperor of Russia, accompanied by the Empress, went on the 18th inst. on a shooting expedition, whence they returned at eight o'clock in the evening to Skierniewice. The Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna left in the afternoon for Amsterdam. The Grand Duke Nicholas, the Emperor's uncle, and M. De Giers have also left Skierniewice.

There has been an earthquake in the United States. It was felt at many points in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa, and Ontario, and in some parts of Kentucky. The shock was also perceptible at Detroit, Cincinnati, and at Fort Wayne, Indiana. No damage was done.

The new judicature system, based on the English system, came into operation this month throughout the province of

Nova Scotia. The provinces of Ontario and British Columbia long since adopted the substance of the English Judicature Act of 1875.—Professor Tanner has visited the settlement in North-West Canada founded by Baroness Burdett-Coutts for emigrants from East London, and reports that it is in a flourishing condition.

The New South Wales Budget justifies the expectation of a surplus of nearly a quarter of a million at the end of the year. A loan of £5,000,000 is about to be proposed for the construction of railways already sanctioned by the Government.

Sir Julius Vogel, the new Treasurer, made his financial statement in the New Zealand Legislative Assembly on the 16th inst. He proposed a conversion of the loans by which the sinking fund charges would be relieved and the interest reduced, and a reduction of the property tax by one half. He estimated the revenue for the year at £3,830,000, and the expenditure at £3,770,000, placing the surplus on the year's transactions at £60,000. The Treasurer also announced that he would ask for authority to raise a further loan of £1,500,000. Finally, he declared that, in his opinion, the finances of the colony were buoyant and elastic.

The Chinese Government have made an apology to Sir Harry Parkes for the mistake made at the Kimpai forts in firing on a British ship.

OBITUARY.

SIR W. C. DOMVILLE, BART.

Sir William Compton Domville, third Baronet of Templeogue and Santry, in the county of Dublin, J.P. and D.L., died on the 20th inst. He was born May 20, 1825, the youngest son of Sir Compton Pocklington Domville of Templeogue and Sandry, M.P., Custos Rotulorum of the county of Dublin, on whom a baronetcy was conferred May 22, 1815. Sir William succeeded to the title a few months since, at the death of Sir Charles Domville, July 10 last. He married, July 12, 1854, Caroline, sixth daughter of General the Hon. Robert Meade, and leaves issue. His only son, now Sir Compton Meade Domville, fourth Baronet, was born Oct. 24, 1857.

There was a former baronetcy in the family, which became extinct, at the death of Sir Compton Domville of Templeogue, in 1768, when the estates devolved on his nephew, Mr. Charles Pocklington, M.P., who assumed the surname of Domville, and was father of the first Baronet of the second creation.

GENERAL RUMLEY.

General Randal Rumley, Colonel of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, died from a carriage accident on the 13th inst., at Chilton Lodge, Hungerford. He entered the Army in 1824, and attained the rank of Major in 1844. In 1847 he was, with the 6th Regiment, in the Kaffir war, for which he had a medal, in the following year was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, in 1862 became Major-General, and retired as full General in 1877. The Colonelcy of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers was given to him in 1870. General Rumley married, Sept. 30, 1838, Caroline Mary, daughter of General Sir George H. F. Berkeley, K.C.B., and sister of the present Earl of Berkeley. She died Dec. 29, 1882, aged sixty-seven.

REV. CANON MITTON.

The Rev. Welbury Mitton, Honorary Canon of Ripon, and for thirty-three years Vicar of St. Paul's, Manningham, died on the 12th inst., aged seventy-nine. He was ordained in 1828, and in 1863 received the degree of M.A. After holding several curacies, he was instituted to the Vicarage of St. Paul's, Manningham, in 1846, and made Hon. Canon in 1871.

MR. T. W. GUNNING.

Mr. Thomas Wyatt Gunning, barrister-at-law, died at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on the 14th inst. This eminent law reporter was called to the Bar in 1836, and devoted himself to the laborious occupation of reporting Chancery cases, with such signal ability that he gained unsurpassed reputation in that branch of the profession, his reports obtaining for him the highest consideration from the Judges and his own colleagues.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Anthony Murray, of Dollerie, at his seat in Perthshire, on the 16th inst., aged eighty-two. He was a cadet of the Murrays of Ochertyre.

Mr. Robert Frederic Gower, of Glandowan, Castle Malgwyn, and Clyn Derwen, Pembrokeshire, J.P., at Castle Malgwyn, on the 12th inst., in his ninetyeth year.

Lady Mary Whitbread, at 56, Rutland-gate, at the age of eighty. Her Ladyship was the fourth daughter of William Charles, fourth Earl of Albemarle. She was twice married.

Mr. John Gurney Hawkins, head of the firm of Hawkins and Lindsell, of Hitchin, and brother of Sir Henry Hawkins, the Judge, on the 17th inst., aged sixty-four. He was admitted an attorney in 1814.

The Rev. John Allen Giles, D.C.L., Rector of Sutton, Surrey, at his residence, the Rectory, Sutton, on the 24th inst., seventy-six years of age. He was formerly, for some years, Master of the City of London School, and was the author of a well-known series of translations of the Greek classics adapted for use in schools.

Mr. Thomas Arthur, of Glanamera, county Clare, the representative of an ancient county family, on the 12th inst., aged seventy-eight. In right of the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of John Butler, of Kilmoyler, with Thomas Arthur, of Glanamera, the Arthurs quarter the arms of the noble house of Ormonde.

The Hon. James Motteram, Q.C., Judge of the Birmingham County Court, at his residence near Birmingham, on the 19th inst., aged sixty-seven, after a brief illness. He was born in 1817, and was called to the Bar in 1851, afterwards going the Oxford circuit. He became a Q.C. in 1875, and was made a County Court Judge the following year.

Mr. William Peere Williams-Freeman, aged forty-nine, on the 18th inst., at Clapton, Northamptonshire. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was for several years in the Diplomatic Service. He married, in 1863, Ella, elder daughter of the late Mr. Herman Merivale, and leaves, with other children, a son, Augustus Peere.

The Rev. Charles W. Bagot, Chancellor of the diocese of Bath and Wells, in his seventy-second year. He was the fourth son of the late Hon. and Right Rev. R. Bagot, successively Bishop of Oxford and Bath and Wells; was formerly Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and in 1846 was appointed to the living of Castle Rising, near Lynn, Norfolk.

A day of thorough enjoyment was spent on Thursday week by the 156 children and officers of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, at the Health Exhibition, the admittance fees being paid for by Mr. James Saunders, one of the directors; Mr. Donald Swanson, an ex-director, paying the cost of conveyance. Other friends were only too pleased to aid in conducting to the comfort and happiness of the Scottish orphan children.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, Sept. 24.

Of the several interesting events which have excited notice in the Stock Exchange during the past week, the decision of the British Government in regard to Egyptian finance is perhaps the most important. It has long been the contention of the British authorities that, as the revenues of Egypt unassigned to the bondholders were insufficient to meet the enlarged occasions of the Government which followed the revolt of Arabi, the surplus of the assigned revenues, after meeting bonded interest, should be placed at the service of the Government. Hitherto such surplus has been used in the reduction of the debt by the purchase of bonds in the market for cancellation. The diversion of such surplus from the service of the debt is not therefore any hardship to the bondholders. It is, of course, a direct infringement of the law of liquidation as laid down by the Powers, but the violation ought to be condoned on the ground that, as the government of Egypt is the first essential, and could not otherwise be efficaciously carried on, it was expedient to so apply this surplus. The French bondholders have been taught to expect that all the gain of the British occupation should fall to the bondholders, while the cost of it should fall on the British Treasury. The other Powers are not likely to take a very severe view of what has been done. Some of them are probably amazed beyond expression at our "muff"-like hesitation in this and many other Egyptian difficulties. The English bondholders have received the decision with indifference, thus showing their good sense, for it does not practically concern them in itself, while if thereby fresh issues of stock are prevented or delayed the gain to them is obvious.

The Grand Trunk Railway dividend was given last week. It was really bad, and it was followed by a very inferior traffic statement. With the aid of these two considerations, the long array of speculators for the fall beat down prices from 5 to 10 per cent; but no sooner did they begin to buy back in order to realise profits than a sharp rebound set in. As compared with a week ago, there is, however, a material reduction. Now that the result of the last half year is known, the utmost interest is shown in the period now nearly half expired. The estimates of what the result may be are very wide of each other, for they vary from the first preference dividend not being quite covered to there being something for the third preference. A railway feature of quite another sort is a sudden speculative demand for Brighton Railway stocks, the market having all at once woke up to the well-known fact that Brighton is very full this year, and that, in connection with the autumn Session, many families will necessarily sojourn near London who would otherwise be abroad and in distant parts of the British Isles. The interests of investors in American railways do not improve in outlook, and it is being seriously and influentially discussed whether it would not be well to establish here some sort of protection society to deal with all questions of default, &c., upon American issues held in Great Britain. Everything in such a direction would depend upon the character of the men elected to control such an organisation.

As to whether Mexican bondholders should accept the proposed terms of settlement to be offered to their consideration to-day is discussed in many places, and from many standpoints. Onlookers would be glad if the bondholders could see their interest in doing so, and if the Mexican Government proved able and willing to keep to the agreement, for everyone must be tired of the disagreeable subject of Mexican default, more particularly as all the sin is not on the side of the defaulter.

T. S.

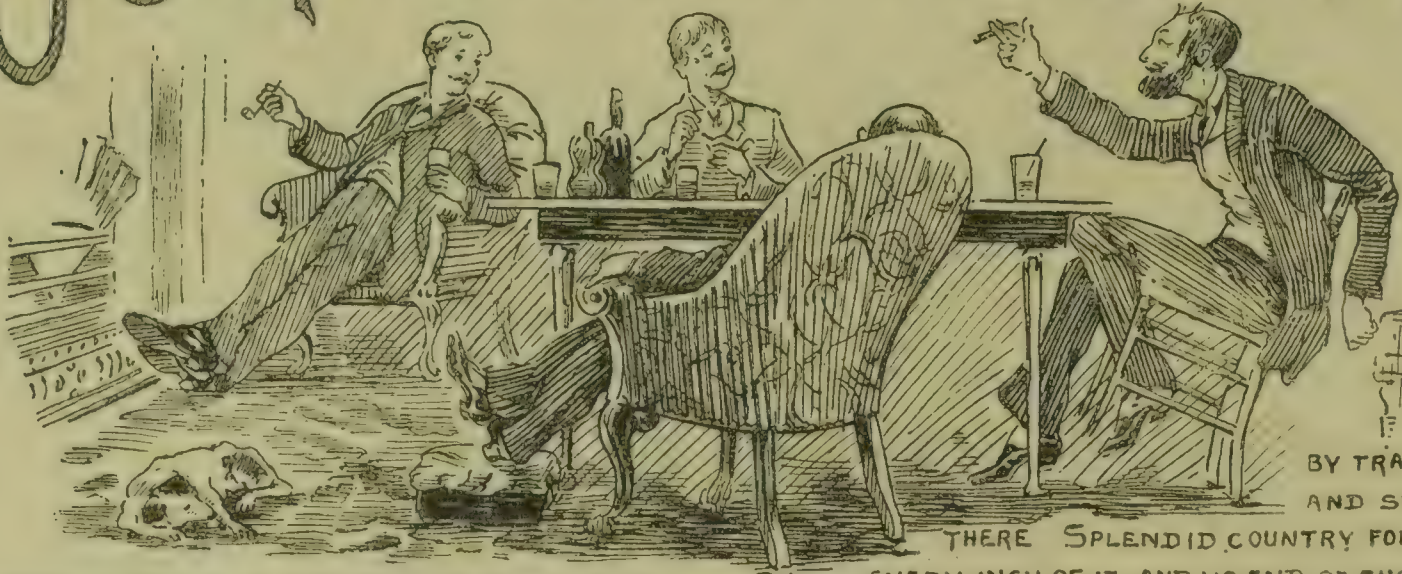
SOUTH AFRICAN WARFARE.

The warriors here engaged in fierce conflict are not Zulus or Kaffirs of any tribe, whose endless feuds with each other have been made a pretext for intrigues and aggressive intervention by their Dutch and English neighbours, with a view to the further annexation of native lands. South Africa, in the far interior, beyond the northern and western borders of the Transvaal, still harbours the larger kinds of wild beasts of prey, the lion and the leopard, or "Cape tiger," being the most destructive; while the buffalo, the rhinoceros, and the elephant, continue to haunt the banks of the Limpopo river. It is not easy, however, for the travelling sportsman in these days to get a shot at those tremendous creatures. Thirty or forty years ago, they were tolerably abundant in places which are now the abode of civilised man; and the late Captain T. J. Lucas, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, killed a fine lion almost precisely on the site of the town of Bloemfontein, the present capital of the Orange Free State. There is yet, however, a preserve of elephants in the forest of the Knysna district, in the Cape Colony, where the Duke of Edinburgh enjoyed an elephant-hunt in his first visit to that country; a few buffaloes still inhabit the Kowie bush; and leopards have been seen, even of late years, pursuing the bucks on the plain, the baboons in the mountain recesses, or perhaps the farmer's sheep on a lonely pasture. But it is only in the remoter inland parts of South Africa, hundreds of miles distant from colonial settlements, that any such scene could be witnessed as that which our Artist has depicted. A lion, assisted by the female of his family, has attacked a buffalo, and they are about to subdue the struggling victim, when their right is disputed by another lion, whose courage and strength promise a terrible fight, possibly giving the wounded buffalo a chance of escape. In the mean time, he has pushed his first assailant into the river. It is very like the attitude of some Great Powers, some time ago, on the Eastern Question. The vision of Daniel relates how the prophet saw the Empires and Kingdoms of the world, in the similitude of diverse great beasts, with iron teeth and nails of brass, and with a variable number of heads, horns, and wings, greedy to devour much flesh, breaking mankind in pieces, and "stamping the residue under their feet." The history of military imperialism, from that day to this, has verified the general comparison; and there is a political and moral lesson to be drawn from the spectacle of bestial warfare.

During a thunderstorm on Sunday forenoon the lightning killed Mr. Livesey, a tourist, of Ashton, in Makerfield, who had ascended to the summit of Snowdon from Beddgelert. The church of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, was struck by lightning during morning service, and suffered some damage. Thunderstorms are reported from other parts of the country.

Yesterday week was issued the report of the Metropolitan Board of Works for the year 1883. Referring to the improvements effected under the Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings Improvement Act, the report states that the eighteen schemes proposed by the Board and sanctioned by Parliament have involved, or will involve, the displacement of 23,414 persons, occupying 10,164 rooms. The dwellings already erected give accommodation for 12,008 persons, and land is now vacant, but not disposed of, upon which houses may be built to accommodate about 14,300 more. The net cost of the Board's operations under the Act has been about £1,247,956.

OUR WALKING TOUR



IN A WEAK MOMENT
WE AGREED TO JOIN
BROWN IN A TRAMP
ALONG THE COAST.
"LOOK HERE BOYS"
SAYS HE, "WE'LL GO

BY TRAIN TO BLUEMOULD
AND START AWAY FROM

THIS THERE SPLENDID COUNTRY FOR WALKING. I KNOW
EVERY INCH OF IT-AND NO END OF SHORT CUTS"-HAPPY
THOUGHT- SEND OUR KNAPSACKS ON BY TRAIN

WE FORWARDED OUR KNAPSACKS TO GUMMIDGE WHERE
WE WERE TO SLEEP- BUT THE TRAIN -



WAS SO LATE THAT BROWN
SAID WE MUST GET OUT AT WOBBLETON AND TAKE A SHORT
CUT HE KNEW TO GUMMIDGE- SO OUT WE GET AND OFF WE GO.



THE SHORT CUT WAS RATHER SWAMPY
AND A MIST WAS RISING- BUT BROWN
SAID "ITS ALL RIGHT COME ON"

THE MIST GOT WORSE - SO DID THE
SWAMP - ONE OF US FEEBLY HOPED
BROWN HADN'T "MIST" HIS WAY



WE ROLL VIGOROUSLY TILL THE CHARMING
NATIVE RETURNS CARRYING TWO PLANKS



"DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL"
CHARMING NATIVE ATTRACTED BY OUR CRIES
SHOUTS TO US TO ROLL OR WE SHALL ALL
BE DROWNED !!

AND SO RESCUES US- AND UNDER
HER GUIDANCE WE CREEP BACK TO
WOBBLETON MORE DEAD
THAN ALIVE



BUT AFTER DINNER
BEGIN TO REVIVE WE HAVE TO WEAR BLANKETS
WHILE OUR CLOTHES ARE BEING DRIED.



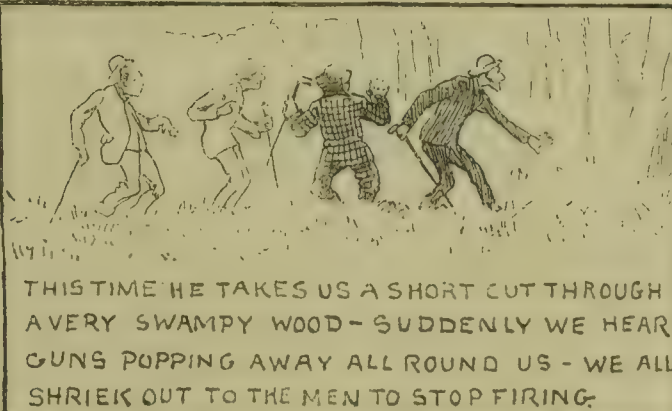
NEXT MORNING WE START OFF AGAIN FOR GUMMIDGE. I'VE GOT IT SAYS BROWN OF COURSE THIS IS THE WAY MUCH SHORTER THAN THE OTHER. NO SWAMPS HERE.



SO WE TRUDGE AWAY ALL DAY LONG. GET TREMENDOUSLY HUNGRY. DON'T SEE ANYONE ANYWHERE. CANNOT FIND GUMMIDGE. AT LAST TOWARDS EVENING. FAMISHED AND TIRED OUT. WE SIGHT SOME HOUSES AND A STILE. "I KNEW I WAS RIGHT" SAYS BROWN. "COME ON BOYS HERES GUMMIDGE." PRESENTLY WE MEET A MILKMAID. SOMEHOW WE THINK WE HAVE SEEN HER BEFORE. ASK "IS THAT GUMMIDGE?" "NO SIR. NO THATS WOBBLETON - WHERE YOU WAS LAST NIGHT!"



OUR CONFIDENCE IN BROWN IS A LITTLE SHAKEN, BUT HE OVERRULES OUR OBJECTIONS TO SHORT CUTS. AND ONCE MORE WE LEAVE THE INN AT WOBBLETON NEXT MORNING FOR GUMMIDGE.



THIS TIME HE TAKES US A SHORT CUT THROUGH A VERY SWAMPY WOOD. SUDDENLY WE HEAR GUNS POPPING AWAY ALL ROUND US. WE ALL SHRIEK OUT TO THE MEN TO STOP FIRING.



A TERA VERY BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR WE ARE SEIZED. BULLIED BY THE SPIRITED PROPRIETOR AND MARCHED OFF TO BE CHARGED WITH TRESPASSING.

WHEN A LOT OF BEATERS APPEAR FROM BEHIND THE TREES AND YELL - LIE DOWN LIE DOWN YE FOOLS OR YELL BE SHOT

THE JUSTICES HAPPEN TO BE SITTING - SOME ARE TAKEN BEFORE THREE OR FOUR VERY POMPOUS GENTLEMEN WHO WAX VERY WROTH AND TELL US ALL



THE DREADFUL THINGS THEY SHOULD LIKE TO DO WITH US - HOWEVER AFTER A LOT MORE BULLYING AND THREATENING

THEY FINE US



FREE ONCE MORE - WE ALL AGREE WITH ONE ACCORD TO CUT SHORT OUR WALKING TOUR - AND SO GLADLY TAKE OUR LAST SHORT CUT TO THE TRAIN HOME.

E MORANT COX.

NEW BOOKS.

German literature has of late years exhibited a few successful examples of the use of prose fiction in representing the social life of ancient times; more especially of those historical epochs which were fraught with momentous problems of faith and conduct, or which marked the transition from one phase of civilisation to another. One of the most effective and certainly of the most learned and thoughtful writers in this line has been hitherto known by the *nom de plume* of "George Taylor," but will henceforth be identified as Dr. A. Hausrath, Professor of Theology at the University of Heidelberg, whose treatises on themes of Protestant divinity had already earned him a considerable reputation. Many of our countrymen who read German have perused and admired the story of *Antinous: An Historical Romance of the Roman Empire*, which has rapidly passed through four editions, and has taken rank as a classical masterpiece of its kind. An English translator, whose initials, "J. D. M.," appear on the titlepage of a volume just published by Messrs. Longmans, has done good service to the generality of readers among us by furnishing an agreeable and faithful version of this remarkable tale. The strongest personal interest that it is calculated to excite is that belonging to the two chief characters; namely, the Emperor Adrian, whose portrait is drawn with strict regard to historical truth, and his favourite companion, the graceful young Greek Antinous, whom he is believed to have trusted and loved as a confidential friend rather than as a mere servant. It is well known that Adrian, the most laborious of rulers and statesmen, while travelling about in every province of the Empire, from Syria, Asia Minor, and Africa, to Gaul, North Britain, Germany, and Spain, nevertheless found leisure for a diversity of intellectual recreations, one of which was the comparative study of different religions. He seems to have been, like most other highly educated Roman men of the world, a thorough sceptic in regard to all the gods of all the nations; but he was minutely acquainted with the existing creeds and forms of worship. The leading idea of this romance, from a psychological point of view, is the disturbing effect of such thoughts as may thus have been aroused in the sensitive mind of the Greek youth, brought into contact with the conflicting views of Christianity, Hellenistic poetical mythology, and the profound mysticism of Egyptian lore, underlying the ritual of Isis and Osiris, which became fashionable in Imperial Rome. Antinous is represented as a victim of moral despair, occasioned not less by these painful doubts, than by his equivocal position in the Emperor's household. This notion of his possible mental condition, though purely imaginary, for aught we know of his case, is perfectly consistent with the actual state of the Roman world in the second century of the Christian era, and lends a higher interest to the pathetic story of his premature and voluntary death. The commonly received explanation of his motive for drowning himself in the Nile is that he sacrificed his own life, in accordance with the intimation of an Egyptian oracle, to save the life of his master, who was then suffering under what seemed likely to be a mortal disease. There is good reason to believe that this was the fact, since Adrian showed his gratitude for the act of devotion by ordaining divine honours, temples, statues, and public adoration for this unfortunate young person; and Professor Hausrath fully adopts that part of the recorded history, working it out with minute circumstantiality, and adding to it the invention of an insidious intrigue, between Ælius Verus and the priest Amenophis, to get rid of Antinous by leading him to suicide. The dramatic skill with which this portion of the story is developed seems hardly less commendable than the force and truth of portraiture applied to the historical character of Adrian, and the ideal representation of a bewildered spirit and distressed consciousness in the lost life of the handsome young Greek. We do not find equal satisfaction in all the accessory figures; that of Phlegon, the Greek secretary, with his Roman wife, rather disappointed by his treatment in patrician society at Rome, but relying upon his skill as a man of business, is one of the best. The ministers and members of the Christian Church are scarcely up to the mark, and the fanatical old lady, Gracina, is much too silly; while the imbecility of the lions and tigers in the Colosseum, though it spurs the belief in a miracle, is rather more difficult to believe. A Professor of Theology might have found in Ecclesiastical History some better materials for a description of the manner in which true Christian faith endured the Roman persecutions.

Exaggerative expressions should be avoided, as far as possible, by ordinary persons in the ordinary business of life, and therefore the strong temptation to call *A Land March from England to Ceylon*: by Edward Ledwich Mitford, F.R.G.S. (W. H. Allen and Co.), the most interesting work that has been written for many years past, shall be manfully resisted: but it is certainly one of the most interesting works that have ever been written at all. It unfortunately, however, has no index. Oddly enough, what makes the interest so wonderfully great is exactly what would reduce the interest to an inappreciable quantity in most cases; the contents of the two formidable volumes are so old, the experiences recorded are of such antediluvian date, the long journey described was under taken two-score and five years ago. But a thing may be old without being stale, flat, unprofitable; the very age may lend a peculiar charm, whether of venerability, or of instructiveness, or of picturesqueness, or of singularity, or, to risk the use of paradoxical language, of novelty. For it certainly is a novelty to have the past come back, like the shadow upon the sun-dial of Ahaz, and pass before your eyes in its very habit as it was. This is the sort of novelty provided in the two volumes under consideration. They contain a narrative which, to speak under correction, is altogether unique; an account of a perilous journey undertaken, in the days when railroads were in their infancy among ourselves and other European nations, through countries which have always had a fascination for travellers and readers, some of which have always had a character for wildness, inaccessibility, inhospitality, lawlessness, and fanaticism, and which, nevertheless, it has always been important to the lords of India, the guardians of Constantinople, the possible opponents of Russia, both in the nearer and the farther east, to know and understand, as thoroughly as possible, geographically, politically, ethnologically, and socially. Nowadays, there are thousands of mere travellers, as well as of commissioned officials, who have gone, and from time to time still go, over the ground, or a considerable part of the ground, which was travelled over by our author; but they do it rapidly, at their ease comparatively, under recognised and respected authority, and in all but perfect security. And what they see, what information they acquire, corresponds with the rapid conditions, with the altered circumstances under which they travel, like men whose way is, to a certain extent, prepared before them, and whose observation is, from the nature of the case, cursory and superficial. Our author, on the contrary, took his life in his hand, moved slowly and painfully, had to depend on his own wits, for the most part, or upon such milk of human kindness or such human love of self as he found among the people he encountered. And in proportion to the slowness of his movements, the relatively long duration

of his halts, and the privacy, so to speak, to which he was necessarily admitted sometimes, if he obtained any kind of hospitality at all, are the interest, the reality, and the worth of his descriptions and observations. And here let it be remarked, by-the-way, that he seems to be a man of singularly good common-sense, of considerable cultivation and acquirements, of wide general knowledge, of calm, judicial mind, of no little resolution, of just the proper temperament. But what did he do? Well, as long ago as 1839, with a companion for a part of the way, but alone for all the rest, he, "being without occupation" and encouraged by "the probability of employment in the colony of Ceylon, either in the Government service or in the newly-opened enterprise of coffee-planting," set out for the land of promise, and, reflecting that "by taking a south-east line through Southern Europe, Central Asia, and India," he could reach his destination "with no more sea than the Straits of Dover, the ferry of the Bosphorus, and the Strait of Adam's Bridge, through most interesting and little-known countries," he resolved upon that course. Through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Assyria, Persia, Afghanistan, Scinde, and India, the intrepid travellers went, and "after two years and ten months of wandering, and traversing nearly 10,000 miles on land, 7000 of which were on horseback," he arrived at the home of coffee, where, it was pleasant to relate, he found the employment of which he was in search. How useful and how deeply interesting such a work as these two volumes must be, if only for purposes of comparison between "then and now," needs surely no demonstration; and if anything could be more admirable than the narrative itself, it would be the spirit in which it is written, without a symptom of brag or self-complacency, with grateful acknowledgments of kindness and assistance received, whether from strangers or from friends, foreigners or fellow-countrymen, with very little of complaint, or denunciation, or insinuation, and what is unhappily too uncommon, in these self-sufficient days, with a humble thanksgiving for protection and support "in hunger and thirst, in sickness and weariness, in perils and dangers, both evident and latent"—a protection and support which it is impossible to refer to any other source than "the God of Heaven."

The most wholesome food is very often—not to say, generally—a little dry and unpalatable; and, bearing this unquestionable but perhaps uninspiring fact in mind, the race of readers may take heart enough to attack and master the contents of *Forestry in Norway*: compiled by John Croumbie Brown, LL.D. (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd; London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., and William Rider and Son), which is by no means so attractive a work as it is likely to be instructive. The compiler, it will be noticed, does not attempt to mince matters or to throw a veil of pretence over patent facts; his volume is neither more nor less than a compilation, accompanied by comments, and no attempt has been made to knock the compilation into the form of a consecutive, compact, entertaining piece of work. The volume is, for the most part, a string of separate extracts taken from various books, reports, newspapers, and so on, with the inverted commas of quotation conscientiously appended; and nobody can deny that this sort of arrangement has too business-like an appearance to promise much amusement. Indeed, the work is one of a series, scientific and didactic in intention and purport, and appeals rather to the student, the inquirer, the man of business, the specialist, than to the ordinary reader. The quantity of apparently trustworthy information that has been collected in a relatively small compass is enormous; and, whatever may be the case with the other chapters, such a chapter as that concerning the "mechanical action of glaciers," for instance, can hardly fail to arrest the attention and awaken the momentary interest of any intelligent reader, especially of a reader who has ever "done" a mountain.

NOVELS.

An essay in historical romance is (*exceptis excipiendis*) very admirably performed in *The Armourer's Prentices*: by Charlotte M. Yonge (Macmillan and Co.), a story which is sufficiently interesting in itself and which contains a curious and even instructive picture of life as it was or as it is described by certain more or less trustworthy authorities to have been in England under Henry the Eighth and Cardinal Wolsey. It will, no doubt, be enough for the general reader's purposes, if a hint be given of what entertainment is likely to be obtained from the two volumes. A certain man, of gentle birth but of small estate, a verderer of the New Forest, died and left three sons, one by one wife and two by another. The two brothers were as good as turned out of house and home by their half-brother, who was much their senior, and to whom, as the usage of the day was, the woodmanship reverted as a matter of course, being of that kind of service which was in those days looked upon as an inheritance. He had taken to wife a shrew: hence the tears shed by the two young brothers, and hence their determination, by no means discouraged but rather rejoiced over in his inmost heart by their hen-pecked half-brother, to go and seek their fortunes in London. So they set out, accompanied by a superannuated hound; and some stirring adventures they meet with before they discover in the metropolis the uncle upon whom they rely for introductions, whom they believe to be a personage high in office with the great Cardinal, but whom they are somewhat dismayed to find occupying the onerous indeed, but rather remunerative than honourable post of "common jester" in the ecclesiastical household. They become "prentices"; one to an armourer, the other to a printer. All this, of course, offers excellent opportunities for so practised a hand as the writer of this novel; and it can scarcely be necessary to say that the opportunity is not neglected. There is plenty of incident, plenty of love-making, plenty of fighting, plenty of sermonising, plenty of telling situations; and there is a more or less successful, as well as very conscientious, imitation of "English as she was spoke," or as the novelist imagines it to have been "spoke," in the days of the Monarch who was called "the bluff."

Difficult, indeed, is it to deal with such a novel as *Foxglove Manor*: by Robert Buchanan (Chatto and Windus), because the author writes so well and so powerfully, and yet the story is so very shocking, so unlikely to serve any good purpose, that one cannot help wishing it had never been written at all. The author himself considers it necessary to write a short, apologetic preface and, in the course of his narrative, to make some kind of excuse for the employment of "plain language" (which is certainly very plain indeed); and, whenever an author is reduced to apologies and excuses, it always looks—to use a vulgar but expressive phrase—a little "fishy." The story, in fact, is an exceedingly painful one, sure to offend not only the susceptibilities, but the good, proper, decent feelings of very many worthy persons; it cannot be recommended on any ground but that of the cleverness, eloquence, humour, and power with which it is written; and so far is it from belonging to the category of those romances which "will not bring a blush to the cheek of modesty" that it "might make a door-plate blush for shame, if," as poor Hood put it, "door-plates

were not so brazen." There is no disputing, however, that the most modest reader of novels should by this time have become quite case-hardened by continual experience of "risky" literature; and so a warning in the present instance may either be altogether wasted or prevent readers from enjoying a tale which is objectionable only for its theme and for the "warmth," as well as the exceeding plainness, with which that theme is occasionally treated. The object appears to have been to exhibit in strong contrast the characters of a lustful, hypocritical, morbid English clergyman and a comparatively pure-minded, noble, philosophical agnostic. The precious parson, having met with a severe but not sufficiently severe punishment for his wickedness, is kindly handed over to the Roman Catholic Church as a convert; a kind attention, on the author's part, which that communion will probably not appreciate very highly. The author says he has known just such a clergyman, and evidently implies that he was therefore bound to introduce so eligible an acquaintance to the public; but the necessity is not nearly so apparent as that of living, and even the necessity of that has been called in question. The author vows that he had not the least intention of gibbeting "clergymen of the English Establishment" generally, and his statement must, of course, be accepted. His intention, or rather want of intention, would evidently have been clearer had he contrasted the wicked priest not with a righteous agnostic but with another priest belonging to those "sane and healthy men, too unimaginative for morbid deviations," of whom he professes to allow that "the English Establishment" consists "for the most part."

One of the freshest and brightest stories of the present season is a one-volume novel, entitled *A Danish Parsonage* (Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), professedly and undoubtedly written by an enthusiastic follower of the "gentle craft." The author's argument is that the Vikings of old, when they planned an expedition, carried it through or died in the attempt, and that in their descendants this tenacity of purpose has become singleness of aim and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. The hero of the tale is John Hardy, an upright and wealthy Englishman, fond of his mother, and a great fisherman and keen lover of all kinds of healthy sport. After fishing through Norway and Sweden and becoming enamoured of Scandinavian life and traditions, he accidentally fishes in a West Jutland river, and advertises for quarters near the Gudena, where he can angle to his heart's content and also learn the Danish language. Among the many answers he receives is one from Pastor Lindal, of Vaudstrup Præstegaard, who is extremely particular about references, frank as to the demerits as well as merits of his river, and who is the father of a grown-up daughter, Frøken Helga, and two younger boys, Karl and Axel, to whom he requests the stranger to teach English in return for instruction in Danish. The Pastor himself is a beautifully simple character, much beloved by his "parish children," but a cultivated man withal, and one whose chief doctrine is that "kindliness is the real gold of life." Frøken Helga, with her flaxen hair and violet eyes, proves to be the Scandinavian Princess Hardy's mother has bidden him bring home as his wife, but the young lady is so absolutely devoted to her father and what she feels to be her duty that she is hard to win, and steels her heart against the Englishman for many months. In fact, her parent and Hardy's mother are obliged alternately to undertake the rôle of *Deus ex machina* before she permits herself to expand and acknowledge her love for the bold rider and skilful angler, who has found his way into her good graces by his manly prowess as well as his kindly consideration for all with whom he comes in contact. An immense number of Danish legends and superstitions are brought in, but they come so easily and naturally into the Pastor's talk as he smokes his porcelain pipe, or drives and cruises about with his guest, that they are neither obtrusive nor wearisome. "It is the simplicity of perfect truth about him that has made his daughter a pearl without price," are the words in which John Hardy sums up his appreciation of Pastor Lindal and Helga for his mother's benefit. The admiration of the Danish gentry and officers for Buffalo, an English horse taken over by a groom for Hardy's use, is very naïve, and the fishing experiences are of course the author's own. Every chapter is headed by a quotation from Isaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and they are marvellously appropriate and well chosen.

Mr. Richard Jefferies, as we all know, is a delightful chronicler of country sights, of the beauty that lies in the fields and hedge-rows, of the aspects of the clouds, of the glory that is upon the lonely hills. In *The Dewy Morn*, a novel, 2 vols. (Bentley), the characteristics abound with which we are familiar in his earlier works. There is the same loving and skilful hand in the delineation of natural objects, the same fine sense of colour, the same delicate sympathy with the "fellow mortals" that haunt our woods and moors. In a novel it is, however, essential that human interest should predominate. Scenery must be subsidiary to character. Several personages figure in these pages, but on two only, Felise Goring and Martial Barnard, is the attention strongly concentrated. The heroine is a girl of rare beauty and exquisite form, and on her face and shape the writer dwells with the feeling of the artist; so, also, does Barnard, whose admiration in the earlier stages of the narrative is, if one can believe him, wholly artistic. Any other woman, he thought, if as beautiful, would have suited him as well to look at. Any other man, however, would not have suited Felise, who falls ardently in love with Barnard at first sight, and is under no restraint in the expression of her passion. If Barnard would only gaze upon her face, she thinks its beauty would win him; but at first, having a prior obligation to another woman, the efforts of Felise seemed to fail in their object. Her conduct will strike the ordinary reader as essentially unmaidenly; but then the ordinary reader, perhaps, is not expected to understand, as Mr. Jefferies does, what conduct is justifiable in "a natural woman." Girls, however much they may desire to be married—and there is nothing unfeminine in the wish to have a husband and a home—have to wait till they are asked; but Felise could not wait. "She would not submit; she would not wait to the burden of 'He cometh not.' She would force circumstances to her will, and mould her fate in her hands. The precipice was perpendicular, yet she would scale it. It was natural for a woman to attempt the impossible. The strong limbs, the deep chest, the intense sense of life within her, urged her to the effort, and promised success. . . . If she failed, she would be utterly broken; if she failed, the end would come quickly. She could not live without her love." The purpose of the heroine is thus clearly seen at the outset, and how it was accomplished must be left to the reader to discover. As a story, "The Dewy Morn" is weak in plot and wanting in probability. Short though the novel be, it has many digressions and reflections which one feels inclined to skip, and it is in the descriptions of external nature alone that the author shows the cunning of his hand.

The Autumn Congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain will be held in Dublin from the 30th inst. to Oct. 4. There will be sections for "Sanitary Science and Preventive Medicine," "Engineering and Architecture," and "Chemistry, Meteorology, and Geology."

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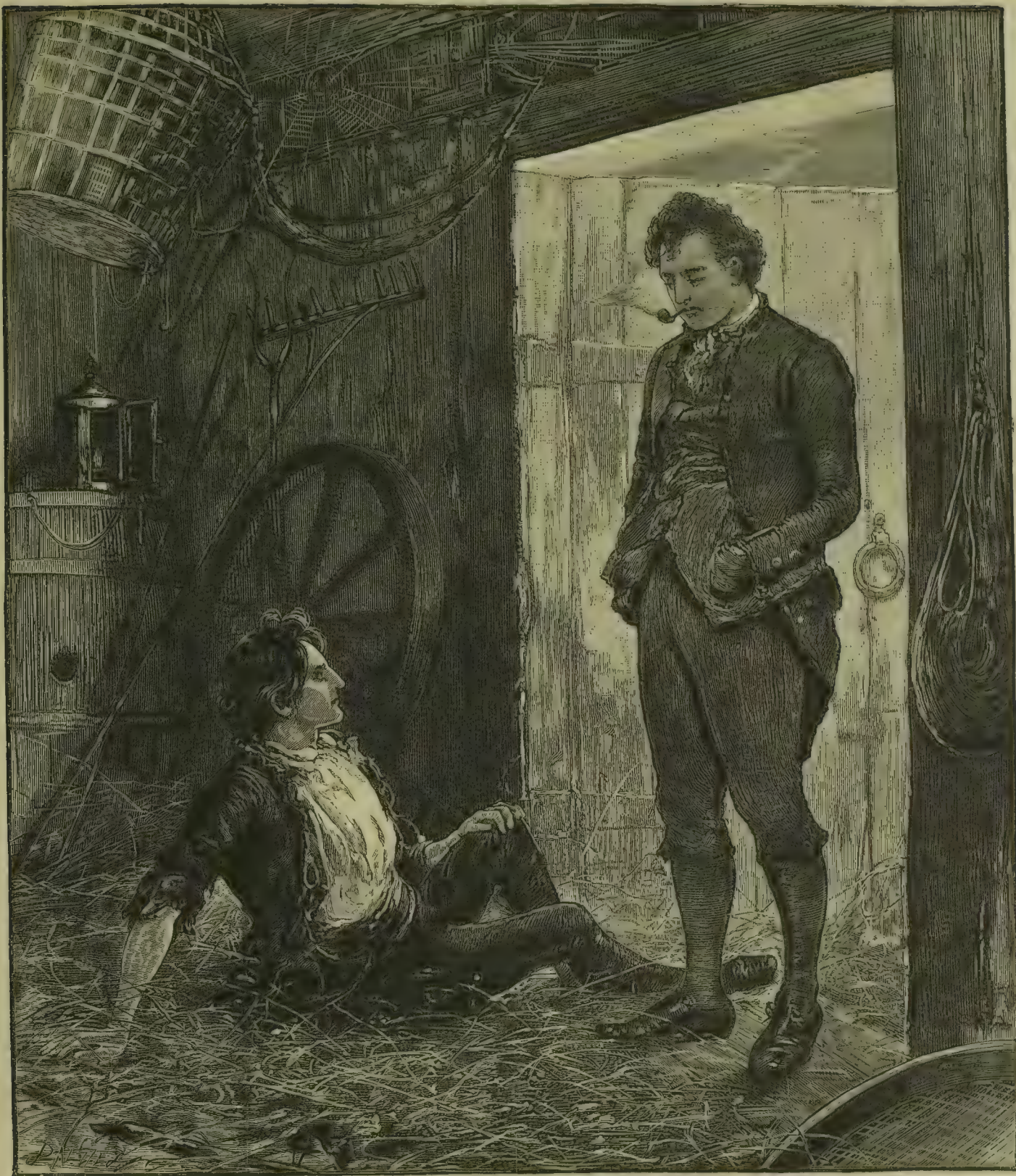
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DRAWN BY H. LUDLOW.

The vagabond opened his eyes and sat up wide-awake.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &C.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LAST APPEAL.



may seem a little strange that Mrs. Drax should have heard nothing of a fracas which might have disturbed the Seven Sleepers. That is to say, it would be strange could it be proved she had heard nothing: for it is quite possible that she had heard a good deal, and yet had not felt called upon to interfere. When men are fighting in that fashion, the right place for the ears of a respectable widow is under the blankets—at any rate, in no unsafer place than the keyhole.

However that may be, she showed no signs of surprise at

the condition in which she found the room, only putting on an air of solemn severity as she laid breakfast for her master next morning. She might be only silently protesting against what comes of carousing with keepers, as against those quiet nights which Captain Quickset spent in such exemplary decency—just a quiet game at cards, a fifth bottle or so, and to bed, like a gentleman, before cock-crow.

Nor was it in the least likely that Mr. Davis should spoil his own business by making the events of last night a matter of

public gossip. And yet, by the time Parson Pengold had been his morning round, and had his customary gossip with Tamzin over his first draught of ale, he had heard the strangest story that even a Vicar of Stoke Juliot had ever been told. It obliged him to take not merely a first horn of ale, but a second.

Mabel had far too much to think of to notice how much more awry even than usual was the Parson's wig—more even than when the great tithe question was exceptionally agitating the brains which the wig covered. Yes—Francis Carew would surely go: and even the shortest absence would be something gained. And the Captain—would he really carry her off, like a lover of romance; that lover who is bound, at one time or another, to visit every girl's waking dream? The very excitement of her relation with such a gallant was so nearly like love that love, in some stage or other, it must surely be. That had been her only doubt—did she love him? Sometimes her mind said No while her heart said Yes: sometimes her mind said Yes while her heart whispered No. . . . Yet she must love him, after all. She must love somebody at last: and whom would she ever find more worthy than he? He was so different from that poor young Carew, or rather that odious young Carew: so gentle, so witty, so ready in resource, so accomplished, so high-spirited, so courteous, so refined, so full of brilliant adventure, so handsome—no: not exactly so handsome, but so graceful, and, above all, so brave. Surely, if she did not love him, she could never love at all: and to incapacity for loving what woman will own?

And then she was bound to love him for the Parson's sake: bound to be true to him through his trouble, for the sake of all that love itself has ever been thought to mean. No woman has ever doubted yet that love means taking double the rough with about a quarter of the smooth: and if Mabel waited too long over making up her mind, she would share none of the rough at all—to the end of her days she would be the one woman who had let her lover fight through all the storms alone, and had held aloof from him until the sun shone. Well, was it for Captain Quickset that he was the lover over whose head the clouds were gathered: his rival's the head over which the sun seemed to shine?

Yes—she did and she must love him: she was sure. That she missed him out of her days she was even more sure: now that love had come into her life, her heart felt empty and aching till he should come again. "I do love him!" she cried to herself: "I must, and I do. If I did not, I should be the most ungrateful girl under the sky. I ought to be proud: and—I am. I will wait for him; and when—if—he wants me, I must go: and—I will. Poor fellow: to think that I am all he has in the world! The all ought to be as much as it can: and—it Shall."

No wonder she was beyond the reach of gossip that day. She was plunged in such thoughts as these, over head and brain, when Tamzin put her shock head in at the door.

"Derrick's Nance wants to see you, Miss Mabel," said the girl.

"I can't—No: I must, I suppose," she contradicted herself, suddenly remembering how much right Nance Derrick had to command help, audience, anything she pleased.

So Nance Derrick entered: and Tamzin withdrew. The two young women had but seldom met: for the Parson had an objection to having a person with so many witch-marks about his pigs, and Mabel's visits to her poorer neighbours were few and far between—in this respect, at any rate, Francis Carew in holding her to be a veritable angel was not wrong. Now that they did meet, a poet might be excused for fancying that day and night had met together in the same room. It was not only that the young lady's hair, skin, and eyes were those of a spring morning, while Nance's colours were black and brown; or only that the one was dressed gaily and the other in gloom. It was in the whole air of each—Mabel softened and brightened by her own thoughts: Nance strangely stern for one so sorrowful and so young.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mabel, with more zeal, perhaps, than she felt. "Please sit down. If there's anything in the world"

Nance remained standing. "There is something, Miss," said she. "Nobody knows what my father was to me. . . . He was as much as I was to him."

(Continued on page 307.)

VELVETEENS.

Among the myriad tissues used for dress, and worn by either sex, Velvet is *facile princeps*. As regards the adornment of women, nothing shows to so great advantage beauty of outline and graceful figure, or the clearness and delicate colouring of the complexion. It is equally becoming to the blonde and the brunette; it does not merely clothe, it drapes and designs; lends a dignity and grace to the wearer, and requiring but little ornament, derives its elegance from its own richness of colour and drapery. From the first ages of which we have any record in the annals of dress, velvet held a royal place. Among the splendid presents sent to Charlemagne by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, about the year 800, were several pieces of "Samite," as velvet was then called, a nomenclature derived, so sayeth tradition, from the Isle of Samos, whence came the silk of which it was woven. It was about the twelfth century that velvet began to be woven at Palermo, and thence the manufacture spread over Italy, the best specimens coming from Lucca. Velvet was then used for covering the furniture and hanging the walls in royal palaces; a little later it was employed for the vestments and ornaments of churches. Naturally, it was not long ere the fairer sex saw how their charms and attractions would be increased by the adoption of this sumptuous material; and Agnes Sorel, the "Dame de Beauté," brought it to the highest fashion at the Court of Charles VII. of France. It was

about the fourteenth century that velvet took the name it has possessed ever since. It was then rigidly confined to the use of the nobility, the middle classes being prohibited from wearing it. From that time it has been essentially the dress of the "grande dame," and in all the mutations of fashion, whatever might be the temporary favour or disgrace of brocades and other rich pattern tissues, velvet has always held its own and special place. The desire to dress to the best advantage and *se faire belle* is not, however, confined to the wealthy lady who can purchase a Genoa or Lyons velvet, and the demand for some material to produce the same effect at a moderate price resulted, as demands generally will when persisted in, in an attempt at creating a supply. But what an attempt was that of the first Velveteens! A piece before me now, turned out of an old box, has induced the present train of thought. This specimen was, I conjecture, once black, it is now a rusty iron, it is hard and stiff, and hangs in sharp points, as if lined with brown paper; was it ever fondly imagined to imitate velvet? Surely no manufactured material ever made so rapid and immense a progress. I contrast the piece just described with a yard of modern velveteen, also before me; such depth of shadow, peach like a bloom on the lights, so soft and silky to the touch, and as I lift it,

falling naturally in the richest and most graceful folds. But am I deceiving myself with a piece of Genoa velvet? No; turning it to look at the back, I find the griffin and the rest of the trade-mark of the "LOUIS Velveteen." That accounts for my indecision, for the "LOUIS" is so wonderful a representation of the best Silk velvet, that it has to my knowledge repeatedly deceived both the hands and the eyes of experts. Were its beauty its only attraction, there would be every excuse for the repeated orders all the Court dressmakers here and abroad have been receiving during the last few years for dresses of "LOUIS" Velveteen. The couturières would perhaps be better pleased if its "appearance" were indeed its

passing to and from the carriage, many other dress materials would be injured, but this has only to be shaken to remove every trace of rain. Most materials are suitable only for certain styles of dress; the tailor-made serge, or English woollen that makes a perfect travelling frock, would be an impossibility at dinner. Velveteen is perfectly free from this drawback; there is no time in the day, no occasion on which it looks out of place, and no material, of the plainest or most elaborate tissue, with which it will not freely combine; for the skirt that accompanies a satin tunic one day may appear the next with cachemire, or even muslin, an advantage that cannot be too highly estimated, in a travelling wardrobe especially. This makes it the most economical and

convenient material ever manufactured. Of course these remarks only apply to the best quality, such as I have described, for one of those which become worn and dull after two or three times wearing is the acme of shabbiness. To ladies—and they are many—whose dress allowances require considerable management to enable them to dress according to their tastes and position, LOUIS Velveteen is simply invaluable; it is by no means, however, confined to those who choose it for this reason, its own intrinsic beauty of effect and graceful drapery have made it a great favourite among the leaders of fashion both in England and abroad, Paris and Vienna especially. At the salons of the principal Court dressmakers, this is abundantly

proved by the charming dresses of all styles made in LOUIS Velveteen, from the walking frocks with their short plaited skirts or full and plain and their dainty fitting bodices, to the elegant long train cut in one with the bodice, and hanging in rich folds over a brocade or satin skirt covered with lace. At one time the wearers of them would not have dreamed of substituting velveteen for velvet, but then the "LOUIS" had not been introduced. Such testimony as this, however, much as it is sought after by many makers of other velveteens, is not necessary to establish the fame of the "LOUIS." Still, it is satisfactory to see, as an added proof of the incalculable strides Englishwomen have made in the Art of Dress during the last few years, that beauty of material and artistic effect are now more sought after than tissues whose principal attraction was that they were known to have cost a large sum of money. Had all English makers of dress materials the public spirit, taste, and tact shown by the manufacturer of the "LOUIS" Velveteen, in improving his specialties to the tastes of the day, instead of vainly attempting to alter those tastes for their own convenience, we should never have heard of the decadence of trade in English fabrics.

Every yard of the genuine bears the name "LOUIS."



only claim to favour; for it wears so splendidly, retaining its richness of colour, softness, and lustre, to the very last moment of its use, that, though an absolute investment to the dressmaker, who, had an inferior make of velveteen been selected, might have orders for four, during the time the one "LOUIS" will wear and look well. In no material is there so marked a difference between good and bad qualities, as is the case with velveteen, the "shabby-fine" appearance of the inferior makes and the elegant and luxurious effect of the "LOUIS" being as widely different as a coarse crochet edging from the finest "point d'Alençon." Looking again at the piece before me, I find it is the first I ever had—in 1878, if I remember rightly; yet it has lost none of its colour or brightness. I know at the time I thought it perfect, but it was not, evidently; for since then velveteens have been decidedly improved by some peculiar process of "locking" the pile, which results in this bearing any amount of creasing or crushing, without either the appearance of the velveteen or its wearing qualities being in the least affected. Rain, also, does not injure it in the least, and many women who really understand the art of dress, don a "LOUIS" Velveteen when going for a round of visits, or a shopping tour on wet days. Even

Mabel certainly did not know: but, "You were everything to each other—I know that," said she.

"And what that means, I can never tell. So I can't look for others to know. But what I can look for is that a man shan't be shot and buried like less than a dog because he's left naught behind but a girl."

"Good Heaven, girl, what can you mean? Surely, whoever did that deed will be found. The Vicar is a justice, you know. You must tell him if there's anything you think ought to be done."

"I have been to him this minute, Miss Openshaw. And so I come to you."

"Why in the world to me?"

"Because you are a woman; and because there's not a man left in all Stoke Juliot now father's gone. . . . I have had Squire Carew's promise, that I trusted in like gold: and."

"Squire Carew's promise!" exclaimed Mabel, flushing and haughtily, although she hated him.

"To see the right done. And now—now I hear that all last night he was fighting on the side of father's murderer against the law. He's like all the rest that call themselves men: they all hang together; and if one will have nothing to do with their ways he's shot down. I don't know how father quarrelled with them; but be sure 'twas that he was an honest man. . . . I have spoken to the Parson, Miss; but he spoke back in the unknown tongues, and bade me be patient, patient: for there was naught to be done: and that was law."

"Squire Carew fighting on the side of the—the murderer! Surely, someone must have been telling you falsehoods. Why, he would do anything."

"No. It was no falsehood. Mrs. Drax was to our house this morning: and she knows. And the new keeper, he knows too."

"Then it seems, my poor girl," said Mabel, "there is nothing to be done. I don't understand these things; nor you: but the Vicar must, and—patience. We all have our troubles to bear," sighed she, thinking, not without pride, how infinitely heavier were her own. What was the common lot of loss, when suffered by another, compared with the trouble of a girl engaged to two men at once, convinced she hated the one, and but half convinced that she loved the other? "We must all have patience," said she, "though I own 'tis hard. We women—what can we do, without brains or hands? And, Nance, remember that your father cannot be brought back again, and that Revenge is a Sin."

Hitherto, Nance had spoken quietly, and low, with scarce a change of tone. But this frozen doctrine, preached so lightly by that golden-haired princess, came cruelly hard. Nance started forward, clasping her hands in the instinctive way of prayer. "And you are a woman—like myself!" she cried out bitterly. "You have all things: I have nothing—nothing but Revenge left me in the world. If 'tis Sin—let it be; and 'tis theirs, not mine. Would you have my own father killed, and none to suffer but me?"

"No, Nance. But—"

"No. And one word from you would do it all. Oh, Miss Mabel—'tis nothing to you, but all to me. Only say one word!"

The girl's whole soul was in her voice and her eyes. Mabel had never seen such a sight as a woman's soul, and was half alarmed.

"What word?" asked she.

"Bid Squire Carew keep his promise—bid him be a man."

"Why—what would that do?" asked Mabel, flushing again.

"Oh, Miss Mabel! What would it not do? Do you need to be told he worships every stone you've stepped on? Don't you know it in your own heart—see it with your own eyes?"

Mabel did not know much: but the other's soul lay so open before her in its rebellion that only a born fool could have failed to read.

"Indeed," she answered, eyes meeting eyes, "you have seen a great deal more than I. You have no right to think that anything I can say would have the slightest weight with Mr. Carew."

"When you are going to be his wife!" exclaimed Nance, amazed.

It was on Mabel's lips to say, "I am going to be nothing of the kind." But, well or not well for her, she was beginning to learn that the reeds of Midas grew rankly in Stoke Juliot, and the ears of the Vicar were the first to catch the whispers that they told the wind. So she held her tongue: and thereby let silence answer in its accustomed way.

"At one word from you," urged Nance, "he would throw himself from the Oxhorn. And you've only got to say the one that'll bid him be a man."

Throw himself from the Oxhorn—those had been almost his own very words, when he first implored Mabel to set him a task to do. Was it, then, so very true?

"Oh, Miss Mabel—for your own sake, and for God's sake, don't let him make one with all these cruel and wicked men. And for his sake, Miss Mabel, his wife that's to be, bid him be what he's meant for, so that all evil in Stoke Juliot may be made afraid; so that we may have a master at last, to teach right and punish wrong. I used to fancy I could do a little to help that: but I'm stupid and a fool, though I've tried not to be: and I'm no lady, that he should care for any word of mine. But you, so good, and so beautiful, and so wise, and whom he loves so dearly, as all the world can see—you won't let him take to all these wild ways, till Old Horneck himself couldn't make Stoke Juliot more of a hell than it'll be made by Squire Carew: he that could make it like another Shining City if so he—if so you would please. . . . 'Tis for Father: but 'tis for Him, too. Miss Mabel—just for God's and his and all our sakes, and your own, just say the word to do right, and save him, and all."

It was like suddenly finding a dumb creature turn eloquent to hear this quiet and silent girl break out into volcanic speech over her wrongs. It was not the words—for of these, indeed, she had but slender choice—but the fire she put into them, that made her seem half-inspired.

"It is for you to speak to him—not I," said Mabel, after a dead pause. "Speak to him like that: and if you fail—what is left for me to say?"

"Everything—to him who loves you."

"What do you know—what have you learned of such things?"

"You will speak to him, Miss Mabel?"

"I"—began Mabel; but, in truth, she had nothing to answer. She shook her head impatiently. "No. Indeed there is nothing I can do."

"Then, God help us all; and him; and you, too," said Nance, falling back into hardness again. "You were the last hope: and that's gone. If you loved him, you wouldn't ask me what I know, and what I've learned. You don't love him: you don't even know him: and yet he loves you, and you're to be his wife—and what does that mean? No; I do know nothing: I never shall. I only know father's dead, and those that killed him are to go free. . . . But I say they shall not go free, be they high or low, and if they're guarded by every

Justice and Squire in Devon. If I could punish and save by a curse, I'd"—

Mabel felt herself tremble and turn pale. She was anything but a lioness—rather an antelope who fancies a tigress is about to spring. She gave a startled cry, as the girl before her raised her hands, but no longer in imploring appeal.

But almost before the cry could be heard, the Parson bustled in.

"Nance Derrick!" he thundered—"Begone this moment: I will have no curses: how dare you force yourself upon Miss Openshaw when I had preached to you the virtue of patience and the sinfulness of revenge? *Vade retro, Saga; Per hoc signum Ego exorcizo Te.*"

The poor girl's bosom gave one convulsive heave, almost a sob, and she turned to go. The Parson placed himself between her and Mabel, his eyes commanding her, and his right hand extended, the thumb and little finger projected towards her in the form of a pair of horns, while his lips moved as if he were muttering a spell, of which a word or two in some unknown tongue now and then reached the ear.

"There," panted he, when she was gone. "The work I've had with that young woman—she is a witch, Mabel: I was sure of it from the first; and now I know. What was I saying only the other day? Her heart's black with malice and vengeance: and when that happens, curses are the devil's own daggers. Thank God I was in time! I'll get a horse-shoe—to-morrow, and nail it over the door. Well—pouf!—that's over for to-day. I'll get a horn of ale: for our church has no office of exorcism, and I had to make up one as I went along; and that was hard.—But—good Lord, that I should forget 'em—the pigs and the red cow: she'll be seeing 'em as she goes by—and she"—

Out he bustled in a greater hurricane than he had bustled in.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SQUIRE'S GREY MARE.

Francis Carew's breakfast was anything but an agreeable one, independently of Mrs. Drax's air of injured propriety and the chaotic condition of the room. He had to take stock of the whole of a complicated situation at once: and, not being trained to systematic thinking, his brain, none the better for the blow which his head had given the floor last night, felt painfully in want of oiling.

"Confound Sir Miles Heron!" was the most obvious thought, and one that needed no search whatever to find. "Whatever scoundrel killed poor Derrick, it's all Sir Miles's fault that the thing goes rolling on like a snowball. If he hadn't sent down that confounded keeper of his, I should have got to the bottom of things all right enough—but what's to be done now? If that poor vagabond gets taken, he'll swing for it as sure as he didn't do it, now that the fool has owned to it with his own lips in Davis's own ears. He'll never get over a confession—why I'd find him guilty myself, if I didn't know 'twas a lie. And a lie told to save my own neck, that was in no danger—Heaven knows why: but, by Heaven, the liar shall not swing. . . . Though how I'm to save him—Heaven knows that, too. Whatever happens to me or him or any man, Mabel's work must be done. She gave it me, God bless her, because I wanted something hard. And now it's like enough I shall be dragged off to Exeter for a witness or something—if I don't have to stand in the dock myself, side by side with Cowcumber Jack: Parson Pengold's all right, but, worse luck, he's not the only justice in Devon. A warrant will find its way into Stoke Juliot, as sure as Davis is a bull-dog without a brain."

However, this, though more or less sound in theory, was no sort of practical conclusion. It was not practical to see that while Mabel must be obeyed at once at any cost, it was no less imperative that he should not stir hand or foot on any earthly service till the poacher could be seen through his peril. Some may see duty in the last alone: but then they have never seen Mabel Openshaw. It could be guessed by her knight and lover that any law could be above her slightest word—Nance Derrick knew him well.

Breakfast over, he went with his pipe for company into the stable, whence his only horse had departed: but it in nowise helped him. Thence, after a walk round, to see if anybody happened to be about, he unlocked a shed that had been built for a cow-house, locked it again behind him, and pulled himself into a loft by means of a broken ladder. The loft would have been dark had the thatched roof been whole: but the thatch let in the light, so that the place was only dim. In this loft, outstretched upon a pile of not over-clean straw, lay the poacher, sleeping as no murderer surely ever slept, if sweet sleep and a clean conscience are as true wedded lovers as men say.

But presently, without needing a touch or a word to wake him, the vagabond opened his eyes, and sat up wide awake all at once, without needing the preparation of a single yawn. He even seemed alert and cheerful. But the next moment his face clouded.

"That comes of sleeping under a roof!" said he. "'Tis all one as if one was buried alive—I haven't had a single dream: or buried dead, that'd be, and not with the sap singing past one's ears. And yet there's foolish folk that sleep under thatch or shingle whenever they can. No wonder it blackens their hearts and bleaches their brains. . . . No; I can't put up with sleeping without ever a dream again. If I can't sleep under the trees, I'll sleep under the ground. Well, Squire—when's it to be?"

"When's what to be?"

"Why, when I'm to be run to earth. I've got a bit of fancy, while I was lying here after you'd locked me up—that I wouldn't like to be nailed up like a weasel on a keeper's gibbet, but given a start, and let run like a hare. I don't mean the chance to get away; but I'd sooner have a hare's death than a man's: and a cock pheasant's sooner than all: only we're made too foolish to fly. And one shoots a beast or a bird all in love and friendship; and because 'tis all their own sport as well as ours. I wonder, if I put it that way, if the justices would turn me out in a wood—I'd show them as fine sport as any Jack-hare, and like it, too."

"We musn't waste time on nonsense now," said Francis. "You are neither to be shot nor hanged. Why you want to be either, passes me: but I'm no hand at riddles, and so I'm no hand at you. Do you know what a warrant is?"

"What fool doesn't know a Warrant? Why the roofs the rabbits sleep under—more fools they, when there's the sky for a roof to us all," he said, looking ruefully at the hole in the thatch. "Have you a pipe, Squire? I want to taste something clean."

"A warrant's an order that we must both obey. That new keeper's not likely to rest after last night's work: not if I know the man. Nor can I hide you here. They'll search every corner of the parish: and the woods would be less safe for you even than"—

"No—never the woods again. The leaves are turned red: and I don't want the sort of dreams I'd get there now. For God's sake, Squire, don't talk of the thing nor the place again."

"I'm hanged myself if I know what to do with you!" said Francis, more than half angrily. "If you'd only not

told that lie—and you don't seem to care. And I must leave Stoke Juliot: maybe for the other end of the world."

The poacher had lighted his pipe by this time, had crossed his legs, and was smoking serenely, absorbed in his curls of smoke, as if he were an Oriental awaiting with equal indifference the sentence of fate, whether it were to be a sceptre or a bowstring.

No wonder, if this were his usual way of taking things, that he had been christened with reference to his coolness: though Francis was beginning to suspect that the soubriquet was not wholly deserved. Still, there could be no question of the man's entire coolness now, if it were not indeed a quality something less than human. He certainly had the gift of speech: yet he used it rather as some wild animal suddenly rendered articulate might, than like a biped with a human soul. Indeed Francis himself, without knowing it, now instinctively regarded him in the light of some sylvan creature of the chase, from whom it would be absurd to look for thought or reason. So they sat over against one another, one on his straw divan, the other on an old corn-chest: the poacher frankly and passively letting his chosen master think for him: Francis vainly endeavouring to think for two.

"I've got it!" exclaimed the poacher at last, in a tone of triumph.

"Got it—got what?" asked Francis, hopeful, but utterly surprised, so little did he look to the other for light of any kind.

"A rhyme—a rhyme to 'Hedgehog': what I've been hunting after since the last primrose went out!" said he.

Francis was too utterly disgusted with the fellow's unreasonable levity to listen to the discovery of a rhyme to Hedgehog: which is therefore lost to the world. So far had his thoughts to wander in their attempt to reconcile duty to his liege lady with duty to a reckless and irresponsible vagabond, that it would be waste of time to follow them further: especially as a much more important personage is wandering further and further out of sight meanwhile.

Captain Quickset, though he had acquired the reputation of a poor horseman as well as of a poor shot, and was probably therefore as great a contradiction to his reputation as men mostly are, certainly contrived to ride the grey mare to Barnstaple at an exceedingly fair pace, and lost no time in seeing Mr. Carew's lawyer about that nine hundred and odd guineas. The lawyer lifted his eyebrows a little: but it was not for a country attorney to make remarks upon a young gentleman's debts of honour: besides, he possessed the title-deeds of Hornacombe, knew them to be unexceptionable security, and secured a mortgage on excellent terms in the air. He had always supposed that such a beggar on horseback as Squire Carew would, as a matter of course, ride post-haste to the usual place, and took for granted that this was the first stage. Certainly the sum was considerable: but it was obtained without serious trouble, and the Captain rode off with heavy pockets, having neglected nothing except the trifle of leaving the grey mare at the inn.

Indeed, it was on that identical grey mare that he again took the road.

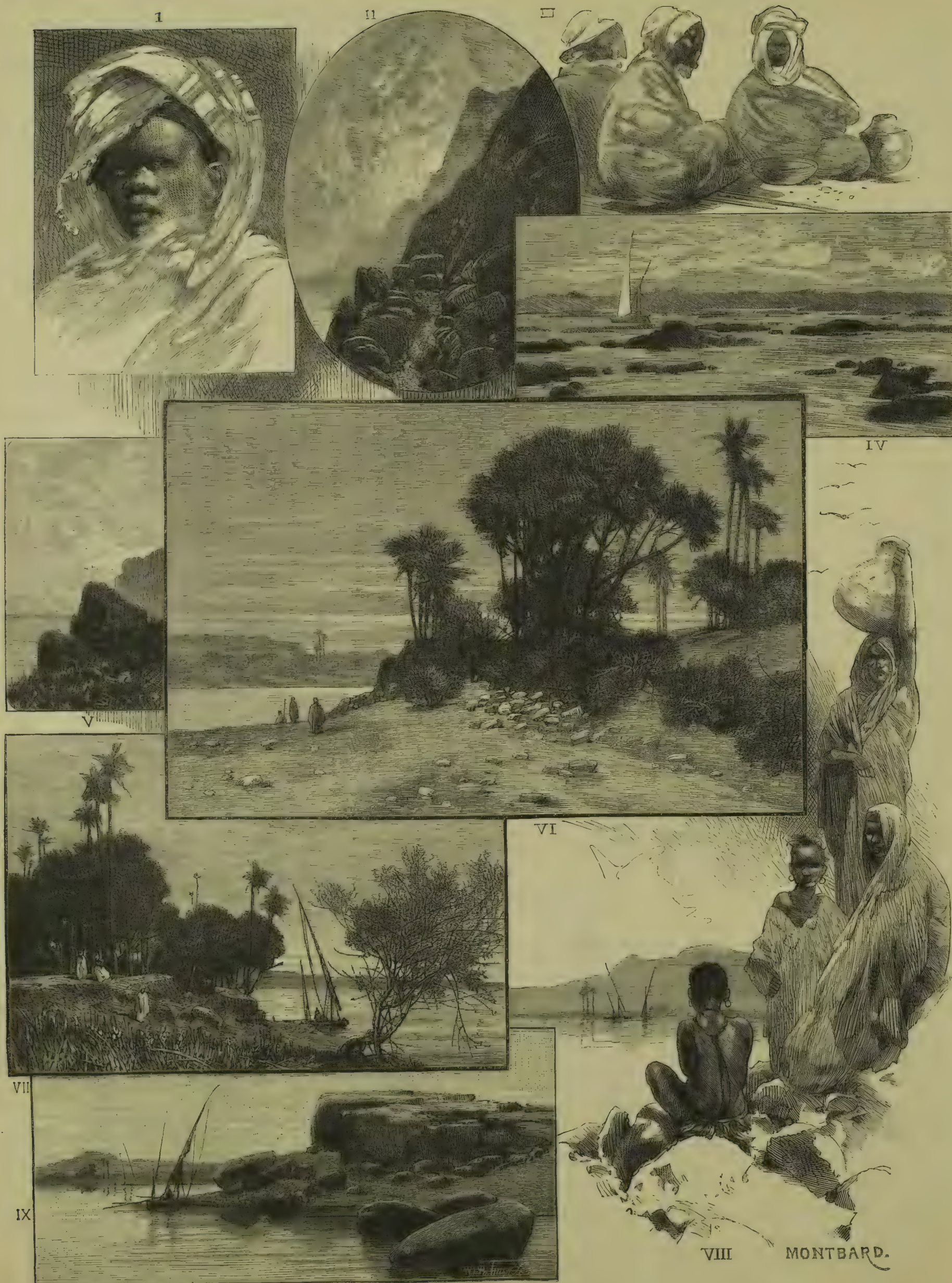
So much money in charge of a solitary traveller was of itself equivalent to that black care who sits behind the horseman. For the roads were in those days not altogether as free from adventure as they have since become. So experienced a campaigner was not, however, to be taken unawares: so, with characteristic daring, he privately armed himself with a needle, safely stitched the notes inside the lining of an under waistcoat, and only kept out sufficient to prevent the complete emptiness of a traveller of good appearance from inviting closer inquiry. Thus equipped, he proceeded, always on the grey mare and at an easy pace, to Tiverton: thence to Taunton: thence to Glastonbury: thence to Frome: thence to Salisbury: thence to Winchester. From Winchester, he started on the high road to Southampton: called a halt at Bishopstoke, where he let it be known that he was Southampton bound: but, as soon as possible afterwards, struck into a by-road and travelled northward, avoiding all the inhabited places he could, till he reached Basingstoke, where—so skilled was he in affairs where most men fail—he sold the grey mare in open market for fully as much as she was worth, and something over. From Basingstoke he posted to Dorking: thence he reached Tunbridge by the public stage. So much easier and even quicker is it to travel across the breadth of England than to travel, like Francis Carew, from duty to duty, or, like Mabel Openshaw, from one mind to another.

Arrived at Tunbridge (Old Tunbridge—not the Wells), he betook himself to a rather humble lodging for a gentleman of his distinction: a small, shabbily furnished room over a draper's, which served for parlour and bed-chamber in one. A couple of red herrings and a pot of ale were brought him by a slatternly and slipshod maid, who, despite her want of attraction, he did not omit to chuck under the chin and send away grinning—for the Captain was in truth a very Emperor of hearts, and was perhaps a little weary of making love to romantic country maidens who require some approach to the fine style. His frugal supper over, he carefully closed the door, placed a chair against it for want of a bolt, unstitched his notes, and counted them—what with free quarters at Hornacombe, winnings that had been settled up at the time, and the price of the grey mare, he was the richer for his trip into the country by considerably over a thousand pounds. The process of reckoning lasted long, and evidently gave him all the enjoyment due to work well done. He did not return the money to his person, but made up the notes into a roll, put the gold into a leather bag, and banked both bag and roll in the most cunning of dark corners contrived at the back of a corner cupboard apparently stuffed with a lumber of odds and ends, into which Eve herself would not think of prying—odd gloves, broken boot-jacks, empty ink-bottles, rusty mouse-traps, mouldy biscuits, and a thousand and one items such as may accumulate in the worst regulated of bachelor rooms.

How he spent the rest of the evening is scarce matter for inquiry. Tunbridge was not a centre of dissipation on a large scale, but it is a poor place that affords none for those who know where to look for it: and Captain Quickset evidently knew very well. Were his proceedings described in detail, they might just possibly be thought amusing: but only by those who would care to take part in them. Nevertheless, he got into no sort of trouble, fell into no single quarrel, spent next to nothing, and finally went home and to bed in a condition that not even Mrs. Drax herself could have regarded as unbecoming a gentleman.

Nor was he late next morning: but by nine o'clock, dressed in a decent suit of brown, a quakerish hat, and the cleanest of linen, presented himself at the office of Messrs. Ware, Smith, and Ware, the principal attorneys in the town, who had a connection with the gentry of the neighbourhood, small in amount, but of first-rate quality and profitable to correspond. One could make an easy guess at the position held by the firm from the fashion of its abode. So far from attracting notice, it formed a mere off-shoot of the dwelling of the junior and only surviving partner (for Wade the elder and Smith were dead long ago)—a big brick house standing in four acres of

(Continued on page 310.)



1. A Fur Merchant at Assouan.
2. The Nile, between Assouan and the First Cataract, opposite the Convent of St. George.
3. Arabs of the Neighbourhood of Assouan.

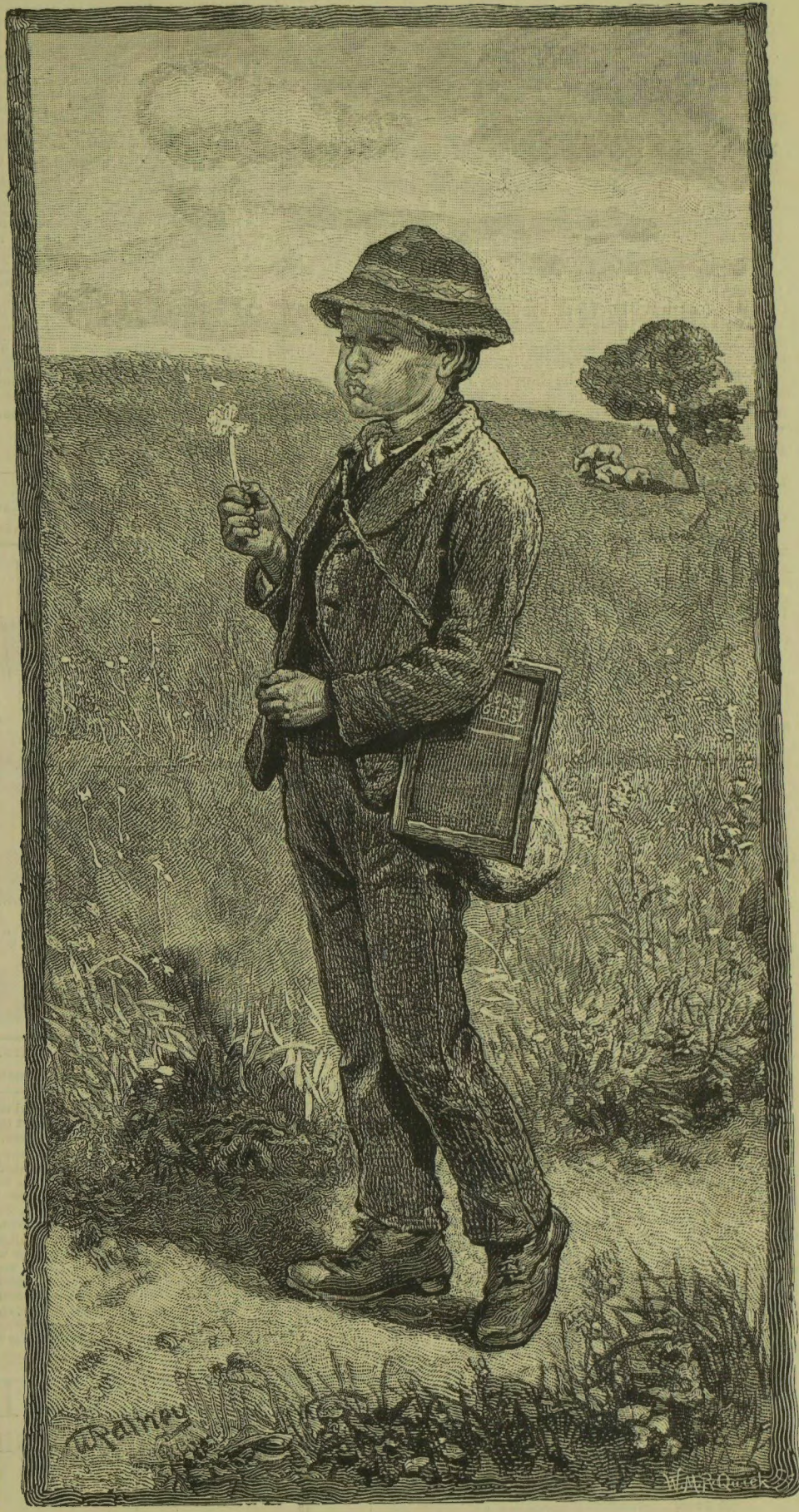
4. Dahabieh ascending the Cataract by the First Gate.
5. Nile, near Hadadin (Nubia).
6. Doum Palm-trees at Kalabsheh (between Assouan and Korosko).

7. View near Korosko.
8. Women and Children of Assouan.
9. The Nile, between Kalabsheh and Korosko.

THE EXPEDITION UP THE NILE: FROM ASSOUAN TO KOROSKO.



SILK? SATIN? COTTON? RAGS!



WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

RUSTIC SPELLS.

Fortune-telling, by the fancied tokens which some flowers and plants are supposed to afford of the coming events of life, more especially of those affecting the happiness of lovers, has prevailed among simple rustic folk in many countries, before the institution of parish schools, which ought to teach them better. The well-known scene in Goethe's "Faust," where poor Gretchen pulls off the petals of a flower, one by one, with her anxious comment upon their number, "Er liebt mich—liebt mich nicht," has frequently been anticipated by English poets, or may even have been anticipated by some of them. Miss Landon—celebrated in her time as "L. E. L.," describes a maiden practising this mystic rite:—

Now, gentle flower, I pray thee tell
If my love loves, and loves me well;
Now, I number the leaves for my lot;
He loves not—he loves me—loves me not—
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes!
I'll pluck thee not, for that sweet guess.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, the present American Minister in London, once sent a dried flower from Rhineland to a young lady across the Atlantic, with the following suggestion:—

Perhaps, some fair-haired German maid
Hath plucked one from the self-same stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.
"He loves me, loves me not!" she cries;
"He loves me more than earth or heaven!"
And then glad tears have filled her eyes,
To find the number was uneven.
And thou must count its petals well,
Because it is a gift from me,
And the last one of all shall tell
Something I've often told to thee.

These prescriptions for the floral soothsaying are very explicit; and there are many grasses, as well as flowers, that can be used for a similar purpose, as is done by the little girl in

one of our Artist's drawings. She, indeed, is too young to be thinking very anxiously of a lover; but her childish speculations, as may happen early in the mind of her sex, turn upon what sort of dress she will have to wear as a grown-up woman. "Silk—satin—cotton?" till the list, twice or thrice repeated, finally runs out with "rags," at the fatal enumeration of the last tiny shoot on the slender stalk of grass. The boy, on his way to school, having loitered perhaps too long in the tempting field-path, only wants to know what o'clock it is; or, as children say, when they ask you to look at your watch for them, "Can you tell me the right time?" He has a notion of finding the hour of the day by blowing off the downy seed-carriers of the dandelion; but his elder sister, if she be a real North Country lass, could make the dandelion, or hawkweed, give her much more interesting information. It would tell her, if she has a lover, not only whether he cares for her, but where he is, east or west, north or south, and when he is coming to her. There are a great variety of such fond superstitions, as those of the four-leaved shamrock in Ireland, and the poppy of Sicilian Theocritus; but the young people are now expected to be much wiser than of yore.

SKETCHES OF THE UPPER NILE.

The scenery up the river from Assouan to Korosko, half way between the First and the Second Cataract, passing out of Egypt and into the Nubian Desert, will strike the attention of our British soldiers, as Lord Wolseley's force goes up, with a peculiarly strange aspect, differing extremely from the vast cultivated plains of the Lower Nile. The town of Assouan, with its motley population of Egyptians, Arabs, and Negroes of the Soudan, collected at this important river-port for purposes of trade, has been repeatedly described. Our Artist has first sketched the portrait of a negro merchant

dealing in furs, and some groups of Arabs, women, and children, whom he saw in the neighbourhood of Assouan. The series of rapids called the First Cataract, above the isle of Philæ, where the stream is impeded by numerous rocks and boulders of dark granite, making the ascent very difficult even at high water, and the descent frequently perilous at certain passages called the "Gates," will be avoided by the use of a short line of railway, which has been completed and put in order for the service of the military expedition. One of our Sketches gives a view of the part known as the "First Gate," nearest to Assouan, with a "dahabieh," or Egyptian sailing-barge, commonly used by tourist parties, slowly making its way through comparatively tranquil pools. It will have to be hauled and pulled, by a hundred noisy Arabs, up the narrow and tortuous passages a few miles higher up the river, before safely arriving at Mahattah, the port on the southern or Nubian side of this formidable barrier to navigation. The banks of the Nile, immediately above Assouan, assume a character quite unlike that of any scenery in Egypt; the granite rocks, with lofty sandstone cliffs rising behind them on the eastern side, have a stern and savage look seeming to forbid the further advance of civilised man; and even where they begin to disappear, the river gliding more gently through beds of golden sand, only a narrow strip of verdure, with a few dromedaries and other trees close to the water's edge, is left to interrupt the glaring sterility of the eastern and western deserts. The present series of Sketches does not go beyond Korosko, where the desert path leaves the Nile for Abu Hamed and Berber.

The Horners' Company, which has an interesting collection on view in the Old London Street at the International Health Exhibition, is circulating a Brief History of the Horners' Company of the City of London.

land within a high brick wall, and approached by a short avenue of elms with real rooks in them. There was a separate office door, but it was in a back lane, and only to be discovered by the remotest accident or by the most familiar knowledge.

A solitary middle-aged clerk was seated in an outer office that any less substantial firm would have scorned, when the Captain entered from the door in the back lane.

Captain Quickset nodded airily. "Old Ware in?" asked he.

"Mr. Ware, Junior, is in, Mr. Quickset," said the clerk, dwelling upon the Mr. in each case in manner that was in itself a rebuke, and with anything but cordiality in his pomposity. "We have been thinking you a long time gone."

"Then you've been thinking just about right, Meadows: I have been a long time gone. But you'd have been a longer."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Quickset. Where've you been?"

"What—don't you know, Meadows. Why, I thought you knew more of Ware, Smith, and Ware than Ware, Smith, and Ware themselves. But, as it seems you don't—why, just go and tell old Ware I want to see him; and look sharp, Meadows, please."

"Go and tell Mr. Ware, Junior, your business yourself," said the clerk, wrathfully. "And I beg you'll remember that I'm Mr. Meadows—mind that: Mr. Meadows before you were born, and may be after you've been here."

"Had up to receive the honours due to my conspicuous services—quite so. I wish you may live half as long. Well, as you won't do your own work, I must do yours, and see if the master's got better manners than the man," and he prepared to tap at the inner door.

"I wouldn't advise you to walk in there, as if 'twas a tavern parlour," said Mr. Meadows.

"No—why? Doesn't old Ware keep good tipple? He ought to."

"Because I do happen to know that Mr. Ware, Junior, is very particularly engaged. So you'd best wait till you're sent for, young Sir."

"Oh! And who's the particular engagement, pray? That mostly means a pretty girl. Well, I did not think that of old Ware. And—oh, you hardened old sinner, to guard the door!"

"'Tis Sir Miles Heron, Baronet, of Wrenshaw—There!"

"Man alive, why didn't you tell me so before? What—my friend, old Miles? The very man I want to see." Without more than the most formal of taps, and scarce waiting for an answer, he opened the door of the inner office and went in.

"And I've been thirty-eight years in the office," growled Mr. Meadows, "and I wouldn't dare walk into that room like that—no: not for fifty pounds. A pretty world it's getting, when an impudent scamp's set to business that an honest man mustn't know. All the same, I wouldn't be an impudent scamp—no, not to know every secret in Kent," added he. And, to do him justice, he could not have been one, even if he had tried.

(To be continued.)

Viscount Hampden's Sussex herd was disposed of last week at Glynde, the noble Lord explaining that he was advised his farm was unsuited to the breeding of stock.

Mr. J. A. Hearson, R.N., of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, has been appointed Professor of Engineering at the Royal Indian Civil Engineering College, Cooper's-hill, in succession to Professor Unwin, lately appointed to the City Guilds Technical Institute, South Kensington.

The following is the prize-list for session 1883-4 at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich:—General proficiency, first prize, £100, Lieutenant H. E. Purey-Cust; second, £80, Commander J. E. T. Nicolls, R.N.; third, £50, Commander R. B. Maconochie, R.N.; best examination for Gunnership, £80, Lieutenant T. B. S. Adair, R.N.; best examination for Torpedo Lieutenant, £80, Lieutenant L. Bayly. There were six prizes for proficiency in the following subjects:—Pure and applied mathematics, £50, standard not reached; physics and chemistry, £50, standard not reached; navigation, nautical astronomy, and marine surveying, £50, standard not reached; marine engineering and naval architecture, £50, Captain R. D. King, R.N.; fortifications and other military subjects, £50, standard not reached; foreign languages, £50, Captain G. Skipwith, R.M.L.I.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "chess" written on the envelope.

H M (Bath).—We have not leisure to transcribe problems and dispatch them by post. Your best course is to order the Number in which the problem appeared.

J K (South Hampstead).—Your letter was forwarded to the author, but we have had no reply. He is probably making holiday away in the "Ewigkeit."

W A (Old Remney).—As we do not preserve our correspondence, it is now impossible to say who is responsible for the number of the problem. We distinctly remember your solution of No. 2100, however, and credit you with it now.

F E G (Tiffin).—An amusing trifle, and interesting from the locality of the players.

Emmo (Darlington).—Thanks; the problem shall be examined.

H W S (Stourbridge).—We have pleasure in recording the match. Your problem, No. 2111, has been highly commended by our solvers.

W M (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Glad to see you in the problem world again. Your reappearance shall have due honours.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2110 received from Conger, Hermit, Thomas Roberts, J A B, K Templar, D W (Udney), B H C (Salisbury), Pilgrim, F M (Edinburgh), Jacinto Magalhaes (Oporto); of No 2111 from F Pine Junior, J K (South Hampstead), Hereward, W H B Hope, Thomas Gaffikin Junior, Thomas Roberts, Judy, K Templar, Hermit, J Phillips (Helensburg), Indigitor, W G G Jackson, B H C (Salisbury), Julia Short, Pilgrim, E Louden, Conger, James Easton, H E S and J B S, F M (Edinburgh), E L G, Edmund Field, and Jacinto Magalhaes (Oporto).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2112 received from Edward Ridpath, W H B Hope, Venator, L Desanges, George Joicey, W G G Jackson, J T W, R H Brooks, B H C (Salisbury), J R (Edinburgh), T Greenback, Aaron Harper, H Lucas, J K (South Hampstead), Emmo (Darlington), H A L S, G Seymour, C Darragh, Ben Nevis, C S Cox, S Farrant, E Casella (Paris), R Blackall, Kitten, R Gray, C Oswald, L Falcon (Antwerp), Jupiter Junior, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), N S Harris, H H Noyes, F G Parloe, A McCorbore, Julia Short, Pilgrim, H Blacklock, Otto Fulder (Ghent), R L Southwell, G S Oldfield, H Reeve, Rev W Anderson (Old Remney), Plevna, A W Scrutton, A Karberg, H Wardell, L L Greenaway, W Hillier, W Morling, T Watkins, Calvert, Jumbo, E Louden, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R Jessop, L Wyman, John Hodgson, Alpha, Conger, S Bullen, N H Mullen, G W Law, E E H, George H Westgate, F M (Edinburgh), T G (Wars), Captain Rallock, E L G, W E Manby, Thomas Gaffikin Junior, Hughenden, M O Halloran, H Brewster, James Pilkington, Hereward, W Warren, Shadforth, W Biddle, D W Kell, and F Pine Junior.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2111.

WHITE.
1. Kt to K 8th.
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2114.

By J. H. BLACKBURNE.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Our problem this week is an amended version of No. 2101. Mr. Blackburne has taken some trouble to reconstruct the position, and hopes it will now hold its own against our corps of solvers.

A pretty position from Paris, by way of Prague. It is the composition of M. Karel Makovsky, and was published in the *Palacek*.—
White: K at Q R 2nd, Q at K sq, Kts at Q R 4th and Q Kt 8th, B at K Kt 4th, Pawn at Q R 3rd. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at Q Kt 4th, Kt at Q 5th, Pawns at Q R 4th and Q 4th.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

We are informed that a friendly challenge has been given by Mr. Thorold to the Rev. Mr. Wayte, the first prize winner in the last tourney of the Counties Chess Association to play a match of seven games up, without counting draws. Mr. Wayte has accepted the *defi*, and the match will be contested during the next Christmas vacation.

A match between twelve of the St. George's Chess Club, Birmingham, and a like number of members of the Stourbridge Chess Club was played on the 13th inst. It resulted in a victory for the latter with a score of 16½ to 14½.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 23, 1878), with two codicils (dated Aug. 26, 1880, and May 20, 1881), of the Right Hon. Susan, Baroness North, late of Putney-hill, Putney, of Wroxton Abbey, near Banbury, and of No. 16, Arlington-street, Piccadilly, who died on March 5 last, has been proved by Colonel John Sidney North, the husband, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix charges the trust funds under her marriage settlement with £10,000 in favour of her husband, and she leaves him, for life, her freehold house in Arlington-street. The service of gold plate, formerly the property of the Earl of Guilford, she bequeaths to her son, William Henry John, who succeeds to the barony; and there are annuities (to be paid out of her settled real estate) and legacies to late and present servants and others. The residue of her property she gives to her husband.

The will (dated June 30, 1876) of Lady Isabella Clarissa Russell, late of Woburn, Beds, who died on June 19 last, was proved on the 30th ult. by Lord Charles James Fox Russell, the husband, and sole executor, the personal estate being sworn under a nominal sum. The testatrix appoints to her husband, for life, the whole income of the residuary estate of her late uncle, Mr. Henry Seymour, and which under his will is held, upon trust, for her. At her husband's death she appoints, out of the said trust funds, £12,000 to her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Elizabeth Windham; such sum as, with the sum settled on him on his marriage, will make up £15,000, to her son the Rev. Henry Charles Russell; and the remainder of the said trust funds between her son, George William Erskine Russell, and her said daughter, Mrs. Windham.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Sir Laurence Peel, P.C., D.L., D.C.L., late of Garden Reach, Ventnor, Isle of Wight, who died on July 22 last, without leaving any will, and without having been married, were granted on the 8th inst. to Edmund Peel, the nephew, the value of the personal estate exceeding £3000. The personalty becomes divisible between his sisters and the children of his deceased brothers and sisters.

The will (dated July 17, 1880) of Mr. Caledon Du Pré Alexander, late of No. 30, Belgrave-square, who died on July 18 last, was proved on the 5th inst. by Mrs. Anna Caroline Morton Alexander, the widow, Francis Alexander and Harvey Alexander, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £117,000. The testator leaves £1000, his leasehold residence in Belgrave-square, with the stables, and all his linen, china, glass, wines, household stores, horses and carriages, to his wife; his plate, jewellery, race-cups, books, pictures, and prints, to his wife, for life, and then to his son Francis; to each of his servants who have been in his service twenty years, £200; those who have been in his service ten years, £100; and to those who have been in his service five years, £50. He makes up the income of his wife, with what she is entitled to under their marriage settlements, to £5000 per annum, and he bequeaths annuities to his daughters and younger sons during the lifetime of his wife. On the death of his wife he bequeaths £12,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mary, Louisa, Margaret, and Evelyn, to be reduced to £10,000 on their respective marriages, his other daughters having been provided for on their marriages; £25,000 to his son Harvey; and £15,000 each to his two sons William Mark and Reginald. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said son Francis.

The will (dated Aug. 16, 1883) of Mr. John Wheeley Bevington, late of No. 2, Brunswick-terrace, Hove, Sussex, who died on the 10th ult., was proved on the 27th ult. by Mrs. Eliza Bevington, the widow, and Herbert Shelley Bevington, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £57,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture, household effects, the cash at his banker's, his life policy for £2000, with the bonuses, and an immediate legacy of £500, to his wife; £2000 to his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Jane Upton; and £200 to his executor, Mr. H. S. Bevington. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children, Timothy Bevington, Mrs. Upton, and Mrs. Mary Anne Quilter, in equal shares.

Major-General Hutchinson on the 18th inst. inspected the new portion of the Inner Circle Railway, and arrangements are being made for the opening of the line on Oct. 1.

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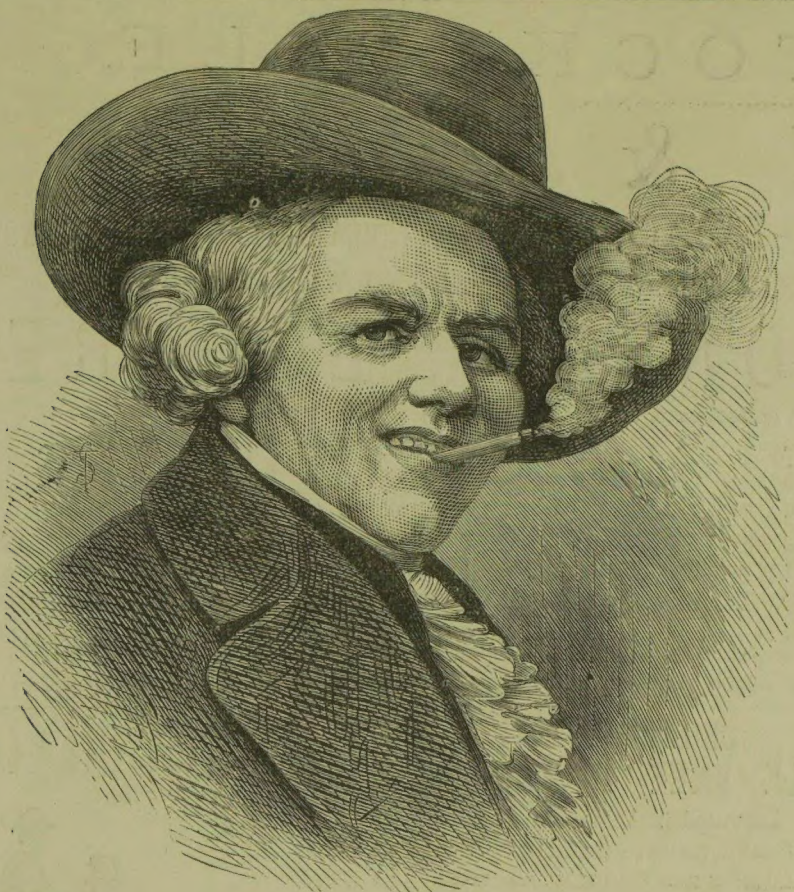
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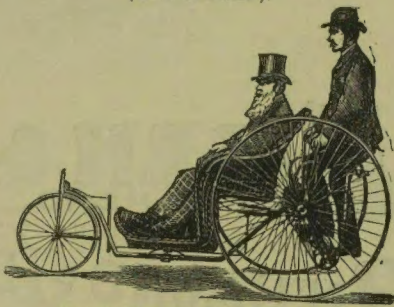
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